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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

How Chick Meehan built a Footba

MRS R L THOMPSON
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Nov. 4, 1933

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The verdict is TEXACO in!..

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A FEW short years ago Texaco revolutionized gasoline values. We gave you the *new* and *better* Texaco. In 1932 *Fire-Chief* set the pace for the entire industry. And now Texaco again fulfills its obligation of leadership by offering to you—the motorists of America—a new, a *greater Fire-Chief*.

This remarkable new gasoline has every quality which made the original *Fire-Chief* such a smashing success. Now, more than ever, it surpasses the highest U. S. Government specifications for an "emergency" fuel. But added to this, *greater Fire-Chief* is Anti-knock in every sense of the word, yet you pay only the price of regular gasolines!

Now all our friends, you and your neighbors, can confidently buy a gasoline which we sincerely believe to be the finest that has ever been offered to motorists at no increase in price. A tankful of the *greater Fire-Chief* will give you a keener pleasure in driving—more action, more power—than you've ever had before!

THE TEXAS COMPANY • *Texaco Petroleum Products*

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Tune in on the *Fire-Chief* Program Tuesday nights — Coast-to-Coast, N. B. C.

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NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Isn't it funny-

that people with money prefer a 25 cent tooth paste?

Not funny at all—just common sense. If you paid $1 a tube, you couldn't get a finer formula. When Listerine Tooth Paste first appeared a few years ago it seemed as if there were too many tooth pastes already. Yet today, Listerine Tooth Paste is one of the world's most popular dentifrices. It became a peak seller in the space of months.

Lots of wealthy and ultra-fastidious people use it—more in proportion, we believe, than higher-priced dentifrices can claim. People find that it removes film faster; erases with less brushing the many stains that discolor teeth. Its polishing agent is gentle and safe, yet surprisingly effective.

Folks save money by buying Listerine Tooth Paste—approximately $3 a year over 50¢ varieties, on the basis of one tube a month. But the money-saving is incidental. It does not account for the way this tooth paste has caught public fancy. The real reason for its quick success is that it cleans so much better and makes teeth so much whiter. People like it better than tooth pastes which cost double its price.

Why don't you try Listerine Tooth Paste for a while? Test its effectiveness. See, after you have made a trial, if there is any sense in going back to 50¢ brands. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

25¢

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WAY off in the desert foothills, fifteen miles from San Diego, Opal Murdock sat dreaming about the Vale of Kashmir and watching Judas Priest, the renegade white Leghorn rooster, lead five lady friends across the forbidden territory of an interstate highway. And then over her horizon rocketed the glamorous figure of first-class machinist Smith, U. S. N.

Mr. Smith had been everywhere—in Shanghai, Kobe, Marseilles, *maybe even in the Vale of Kashmir.* He was awful sweet to Opal. But she knew he was just kidding a girl. He'd go off in his ship to swell, strange places and forget all about her. Fellas like that, why they have girls in every port and somebody throws a rose to them from a balcony and they get mixed up in all sorts of swell things. . . . She would just bet that he never came back.

"Never Bet with a Sailor," by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, proves she was wrong. Opal didn't know how he felt about chickens.

WHEN the New York Stock Exchange made its elaborate bluff at moving across the river to avoid paying local taxes, it was so busy proving its independence that it overlooked the fact that it was inviting discipline from the federal government. It's likely to get it. The Senate Committee, which has already caused Wall Street some loss of sleep, is going to diagnose the markets in New York and other cities and prescribe some remedies. Next week John T. Flynn shows you how they'll go about it and what the cure will consist of. It's "Wall Street Medicine," but it's designed to protect your money.

"SOMEWHERE above the bum ones, somewhere below the top." That's how Steve Melody described his rating in the rodeo circuit. A "Second-Money Man." But he had a friend who was as good as they come. Ernest Haycox takes you into the bright, dusty arena to watch them ride and to watch the girl who loved one of them.

THE great show that Chick Meehan staged at N. Y. U. had a catastrophic end. In the second, and last, lesson in "How to Build a Football Business" Bill Cunningham shows you how it reached perfection—and collapsed.

SELMA ROBINSON takes you to the jeweler's for expert information about gems. Harold Lamb hurries you off to Constantinople. Henri Duvernois transports you to France. James Hopper brings you back to California. And Messrs. Roche and Oppenheim keep you on the move from New York to London. Have a good trip.

This Week

November 4, 1933

Cover by C. C. Beall

BILL CUNNINGHAM
How to Build a Football Business. **The formula of Coach Meehan of N. Y. U. It packed the Yankee Stadium. Page 7**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
By the Clock, **by Teresa Hyde Phillips. Page 9**

EDWARD L. McKENNA
Going, Going, Gone. **Romance on board ship—and the morning after. Page 10**

WINSTON CHURCHILL
The Bond Between Us. **A brilliant picture of world economics—and our place in it. Page 12**

STANLEY PAUL
You Sing Something. **It was blues that made him happy. Page 14**

GROVER JONES
Along Came Prosperity. **Heroic humor in the coal fields. Page 16**

MARIE BEYNON RAY
Fur Bearings. **Soft answers to winter. Page 19**

W. B. COURTNEY
Unhappy Hunting Grounds. **Preserve our hunters! Page 20**

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
Conspiracy, Part VII. **Doyle takes the count. Page 21**

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
The Man without Nerves, Part IX. **The measured pace of villainy. Page 22**

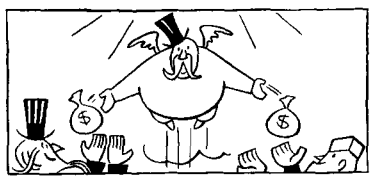
TALBERT JOSSELYN
Too Much Wife. **That's possible—on a golf course. Page 24**

EDITORIAL
Tammany Must Go. **Page 50**

Any Week

"AND now," writes Mr. J. J. Lenmhand of Syracuse, New York, "for an enforcement act for the twenty-fifth amendment. For example: Nobody may manufacture, transport, sell, buy or consume anything containing less than 3.2 per cent of alcohol by volume. Or is it weight? Anyway, I am always ready and willing to lend a hand."

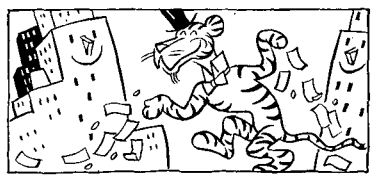
THIS department is not as courageous as it might be. We're not above dodging issues when they grow menacing. For example, any number of readers have demanded that we come out "flat-footedly," "unequivocally" and now and then "honestly" concerning the future regulation of "large personal fortunes." Mr. Thomas D. McGaul of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, comes to escort us out. "To set a limit to what an individual may accumulate is not only silly but impossible," says he. "What the government should do, and probably will, is to make it increasingly difficult for an individual to amass millions of dollars. This can be done by enforced profit sharing with the workers, strict stock market control and an inheritance tax which would permit no male heir to inherit more than $500,000 for his personal use and no female legatee more than $750,000. All over that should go to the government and to the deceased's employees on the theory that the government made it possible for the man to accumulate wealth and that his employees helped him accumulate it."



SOME time ago, in what now appears to us to have been a wild moment, we said something about desiring questions from readers. Just as a sample, Mr. William M. Coatsworth of Cassville, Missouri, demands that we tell him: "What United States Senator checks his walking stick and white spats in St. Louis before he continues to his native state?" And Mrs. Lorna T. Sydenberg of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, wants to know: "What will happen if the Roosevelt administration is a failure?" We should have made it clear that we did not mean hard questions.

WITH the modesty for which we are noted, we might refer Mrs. Sydenberg to our recent editorial, "Roosevelt's Revolution," which Mr. and Mrs. Carl Brenden of Laurel, Montana, call "one of the most splendid, intelligent editorials we have ever read." We liked it too.

SO WE hasten along to set down vindication for Mr. Hoover's prophecy that grass would be growing in our streets. Mr. Edward Keefe of Trenton, Ohio, reports that he has discovered it in the town of Argos, Indiana—"two inches deep on the main street." And not bad-looking either, we venture.



MR. IRVING GLOSSOM of New York City is a bit annoyed by the nasty things the rest of the country says about Tammany Hall. So he delivers his opinion. "The reason why New York City is great," says he, "is that Tammany Hall spares no expense to make it so. Tammany Hall will not only spend everything it can get from the taxpayer but will spend everything it thinks it may be able to get. For example, it pays a comptroller $40,000 a year or money to that effect. And when any financial crisis arises it doesn't bother the comptroller about it but calls in an outsider to write a plan which is repudiated the moment any considerable number of voters object. This," adds Mr. Glossom, "is called municipal government and we saps think it's wonderful."

ANYWAY, that should salve the wounded feelings of Mr. John W. Marsh of Billings, Montana, who notifies us that "if you don't quit making so darn many cracks at the Republican party in general and Mr. Hoover in particular I shall be forced to quit buying your magazine, and that would pain me deeply."

MR. BEN ROBINSON of Kearney, Nebraska, reports that he was just about to invest a neat sum of money in the stock market when he opened his Collier's and read John T. Flynn's "Other People's Money." As we would expect of Mr. Robinson, the plunge was never taken. "Why the hell," he inquires, "didn't you publish this piece five years ago?"

MISS EUGENIA P. MOORE of Los Angeles, California, thanks us for "the very kind personal note in which you rejected my manuscript." We try to be nice about things like that. But we do know an editor who, rejecting a piece, wrote to the author: "I am returning herewith the twenty sheets of paper you sent me Tuesday. You have written on them."

BUT we kept on trying.

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TELEPHONE SALES MEETING BRINGS LARGEST NUMBER OF ORDERS IN EIGHTEEN MONTHS

BUSINESS MEN all over America tell us it would be difficult if not impossible to conduct business in today's market without the accurate, speedy, *there-and-back* assistance of Long Distance. Every minute someone in the great businesses of the country is using this service to his advantage. It is from these regular users of Long Distance that new and valuable special uses are being developed to meet unusual conditions.

Round-trip telephone calls to 194 *cities*

The National Cash Register Company was conducting a nation-wide sales drive. The Vice-President wanted to talk personally with his 194 sales agents. But he did not want to call them in from their territories while the campaign was on, and it would have taken weeks for him to visit each one in person.

With the co-operation of the telephone company, a telephone sales meeting was worked out. Each agent was asked to report not only on his sales to date but on the general conditions in his territory.

The calls were put through in sequence, five minutes apart. On the second day, the National Cash Register Company received its largest number of orders in eighteen months.

"Without doubt," says the Vice-President, "the calls stimulated the men in the field to close orders which otherwise might have been held up for a long time. And they gave us a very accurate picture of business everywhere, particularly as applied to our own company. The cost of the telephone sales meeting was far below our expectations."

While unusual instances like this are often spectacular in their results, it is the profitable *day-by-day* use of the telephone in transacting matters of all kinds . . . quickly, definitely and at low cost . . . which wins the unqualified approval of executives in every line of business. Your local Bell Company is constantly working with companies, large and small, to help them get the most out of their use of Long Distance. It will gladly do the same with you. No obligation; just call the Business Office.

TYPICAL STATION-TO-STATION RATES

From	*To*	*Daytime*	7 *P.M.*	8:30 *P.M.*
Baltimore	New York	$ .90	$ .80	$ .55
Dayton	Philadelphia	1.95	1.65	1.10
Atlanta	Omaha	3.00	2.45	1.65
Denver	Chicago	3.50	2.80	1.90
St. Louis	Los Angeles	6.00	4.75	3.50

Where the charge is 50 cents or more, a federal tax applies as follows: $.50 to $.99, tax 10 cents . . . $1.00 to $1.99, tax 15 cents . . . $2.00 or more, tax 20 cents.

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You can't really hear today's broadcasts with a "yesterday" radio!

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Give your home a REAL radio!

PHILCO 16X

THE radio of yesteryear can only bring you an inadequate, and very often a considerably distorted reproduction of the programs a broadcasting station puts on the air today.

The broadcasting stations have been constantly improving their transmission methods—steadily adding to their ability to reproduce the full range of the human voice and of all the musical instruments. If you still listen to modern broadcasting through a radio that is not "stepped up" to present day standards, it is as if you were listening to programs through a half-closed door!

Go to the nearest PHILCO dealer and really hear a program just as the broadcasting station put it on the air. Listen to an Inclined Sounding Board model PHILCO—and hear the high notes old radios never could capture, get the full richness of the low notes old-time radios could never "bring in".

After that demonstration—you can't help wanting a PHILCO! For never again will you be content with anything less than the full, completely true-to-life reproduction that only PHILCO can give!

MARVELOUS TONE! Due in large measure to the greatest single development in scientific sound reproduction—the revolutionary PHILCO Patented Inclined Sounding Board.

1. Its inclination directs all high notes (sparkle and brilliance) some of which you would otherwise miss, up to "ear level".
2. Its large size permits full reproduction of low notes (depth and sonority).
3. RESULT—Reception as if the artists were present "in person".

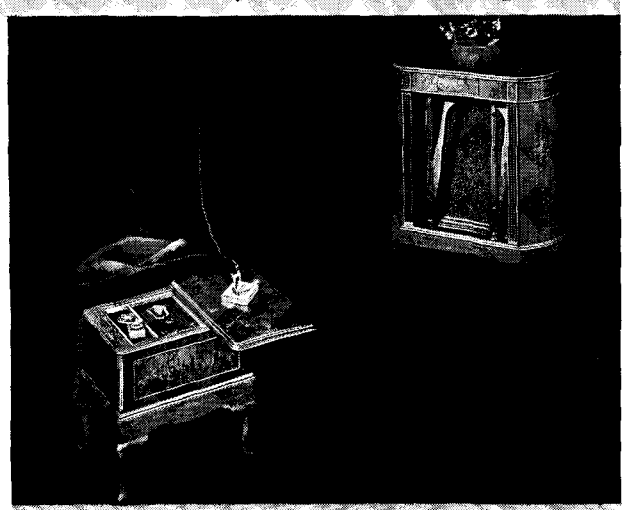
BROADCAST RECEPTION! All your favorite American programs brought to you with perfect fidelity to the original.

SHORT-WAVE RECEPTION! Exclusive PHILCO Wave Band Switch divided over five separate scales and geared 60 to 1 makes American and foreign short-wave tuning interesting, accurate and almost as easy as the tuning of the standard broadcast band. Efficient reception on all short-wave channels including ultra-short waves of British Empire Station broadcasts!

SUPER "CLASS A" AUDIO SYSTEM! (No distortion from whisper to auditorium volume.) A PHILCO scientific triumph that means to you — previously unheard of undistorted reception of each note — each inflection of speech — the low cello or the high French horn — the single note or the orchestral finale — all regardless of tone volume.

BASS COMPENSATING TONE CONTROL! Giving that pleasing depth and mellowness combined with the desirable crispness and clarity only possible through correct balance of bass and treble.

Shadow Tuning — Automatic Volume Control — New Electro-Dynamic Auditorium Speaker — Illuminated Station Recording Dial — PHILCO High-Efficiency Tubes, etc. **$175**



PHILCO 16RX

With PHILCO Remote Control you enjoy radio's finest reproduction and radio's greatest convenience. Regulate volume, control tone, change stations without leaving your chair. The program comes with all the perfection of PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board tone from the Sound Cabinet across the room. Every feature of the marvelous 16X, plus the convenience of PHILCO Remote Control.

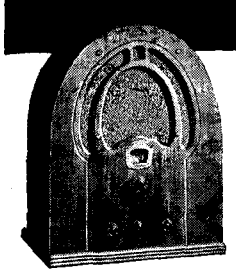
Both Control Cabinet and Sound Cabinet are of hand-rubbed Butt Walnut with inlays of Black and Satinwood—gorgeous examples of furniture craftsmanship! **$195**

$20 to $600

All prices subject to change without notice

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

How about a "personal" RADIO?

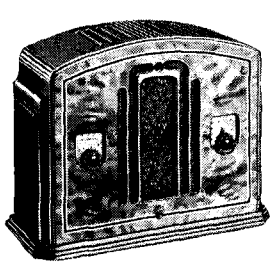


A small radio for bedroom — den — library? A radio for the boy or girl at school or college? A radio to take on trips?

PHILCO suggests:

PHILCO 60B • $27.50

Exceptional performance and tone at this modest price. Automatic Volume Control. Tone Control. Covers whole broadcast band, all police, many amateur and airplane channels. Illuminated Station Recording Dial. Full-size Electro-Dynamic Speaker.



PHILCO 54C • $30

A truly universal compact. A. C. or D. C. Automatic Volume Control. Illuminated Dial. Electro-Dynamic Speaker. Tunes all broadcast channels, all police calls, many amateur and airplane stations. Built-in aerial—no ground required. $30. PHILCO 57C (A. C. only) $20.

PHILCO

A musical instrument of quality

A BRAND NEW PHILCO AUTO RADIO AT $49.95

(Complete and installed on any make car—any model—any year)

A new 1934 model PHILCO Auto Radio featuring a full-size dynamic speaker—the same type used in high-priced home radios. Four-point tone control. More powerful—more selective—better tone than any auto radio that $49.95 ever bought before!

Listen to Boake Carter over key Columbia stations

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How to Build a Football Business

By Bill Cunningham

New York University wanted a football team. A first-magnitude team. Nothing else would do. They invited young Mr. Meehan of Syracuse to build it for them—and, incidentally, to find some tens of thousands of spectators to watch it. Young Mr. Meehan, with abnormally wide-open eyes and brilliant ingenuity, took on the assignment and carried it to a conspicuous success. Here, in the first of two articles, Bill Cunningham shows you what business methods he used

A COACH," says the college proverb, "is a guy who's willing to lay down your life for his school."

Chick Meehan, one of the keenest of the younger football coaches, was fiddling around his living-room near the Syracuse campus one glum, gray day back in 1924 when the telephone whirred and three gentlemen from New York asked him to come down and join them at the Onondaga Hotel.

He knew the men, although he couldn't imagine what had brought them to the Salt City, so he hurried right down and shook hands.

They were, they explained, the spearhead of a larger committee of graduate zealots who had decided that the time had arrived for New York University, a numerically mighty but athletically impotent institution in Upper Manhattan, to quit lally-gagging around with barnyard football.

Both Columbia and Fordham, their local rivals for athletic and academic prestige, had gone football-minded after the war. Columbia was hiring Big Names at fancy coaching salaries and the Jesuit institution, though a little slower on the catch, was now patently out to improve her position.

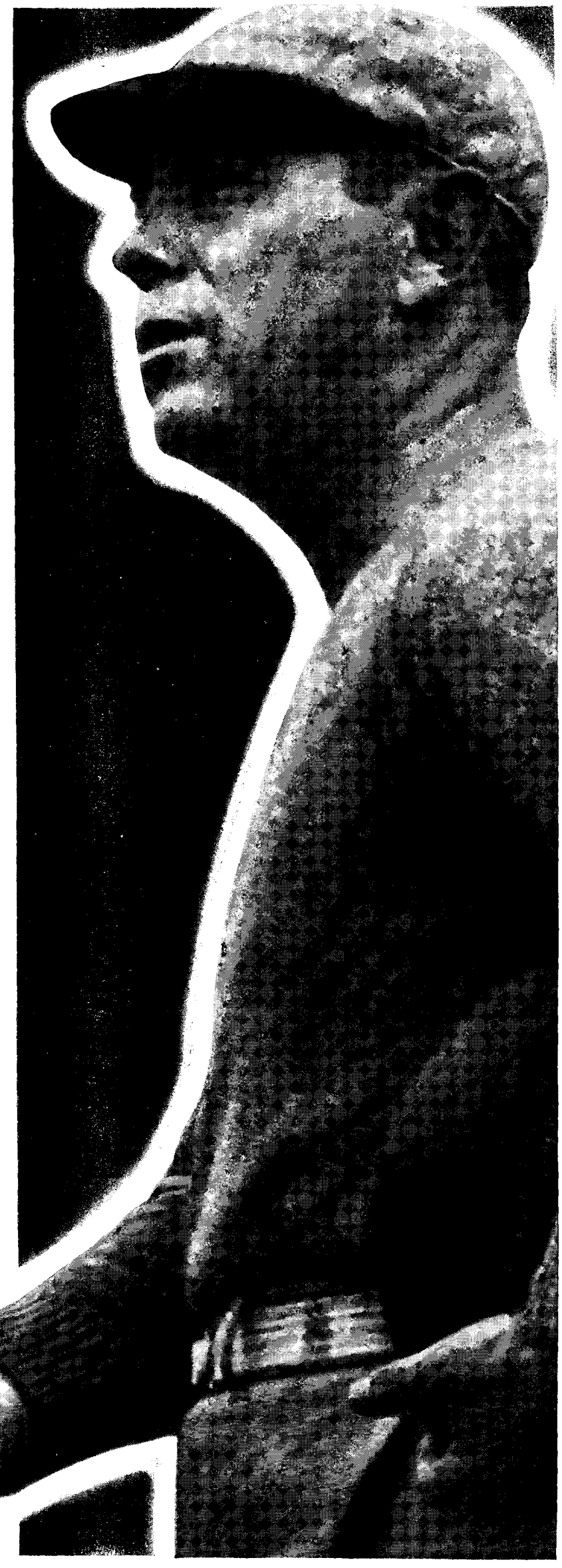
Hence the challenge was being hurled like a hot horseshoe into a lady's lap from two directions. A football team is its institution's show window and theirs had frankly been dressed with a rather drab brand of merchandise. Unless they were content to dub along as a sort of glorified business college, accepting the gibes of the town's other alumni, something drastic had to be done—and that now.

But the reason wasn't altogether one of pride, they asserted.

There was a more vital internal need.

Their school sadly lacked a hoop strong enough to hold it together. Officially located in Upper Manhattan, it had become so big with the growth of the city that it had spilled over into vacant real estate all over town, with schools and departments at widely separated addresses and a resultant lack of cohesion. It had more branches and tributaries than the Mississippi River, but, unlike the Mississippi, it lacked that final fusion of strengths, loyalties, enthusiasms and interests into one ultimate and majestic channel of indomitable power and unchallengeable strength.

What it needed was a Great Common Interest to draw all its parts together, some gleaming oriflamme about which its clans could rally. A winning football team might be the answer. It had



Big business, football, and no bones about it, is the principle on which Coach Chick Meehan guided N. Y. U.'s sensational drive to a place in the autumn sun

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done the business before in similar cases—at Southern California, to name but one.

Their current system not only lacked horsepower, but its opponents were too puny to excite New York interest. That interest, for example, was so absolutely negative that a Yankee Stadium struggle with Boston University in the season just closed had only grossed a gate of $750—with the Bostonians guaranteed $1,250 for their end!

This from a school with an undergraduate body of 30,000 and an alumni family almost one hundred years old!

And this in a town and in times in which 80,000 people would struggle and scheme for weeks to pay $5 a crack—and heaven alone knew how much more to the speculators—to see two alien elevens such as the Army and Notre Dame go through their gridiron gyrations in one of the local ball yards!

They had sat themselves down for an exhaustive survey. As assets, they had listed the following: the university playing site known as Ohio Field, and if that proved insufficient, those two vast craters known as the Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds, both of which were within a field gun's shot of the campus and either of which would seat approximately as many spectators as the classic Yale Bowl; and the fact that among their mighty undergraduate army, there must be some real football players, and if not, there must be some way of getting real football players. Other schools did.

The fact was that they possessed enough graduate and undergraduate affiliates to support an athletic program of almost any size if some way could only be found to flush them out of their warrens on autumnal Saturdays and filter them through the turnstiles at some reasonable tariff per head. And, if not, there were 7,000,000 people, which meant 7,000,000 potential customers, living within a nickel's ride of any site they might select.

Furthermore, they'd found where they could raise some money.

So what?

So they'd decided to give it a whirl and see what would happen. They were presently on the still hunt for a football coach with a national name and some able ideas. Currently, they were on their way to South Bend, Indiana, to consult Mr. Knute Rockne. They figured that perhaps one of his celebrated Four Horsemen of Notre Dame might be the proper lad.

They had paused in Syracuse, not only to seek any confidential advice young Mr. Meehan might be able to offer on the various phases of their astrological quest, but also to ask the prescription of young Dr. Meehan's Athletic Elixir which, at dear old Syracuse, had quietly but unquestionably grown firm fighting flesh upon limbs that were shriveling and had lifted a chin that was threatened with dewlaps.

The Kid Coach of Syracuse

Their auditor was a cool, clear-eyed and very capable young gentleman who had served and who was serving his alma mater with distinction. A native of Shelburne Falls, a pleasant village in the Massachusetts Berkshires, he had gravitated toward and into Syracuse along an academic and athletic path which led from the little local Arms Academy through summer baseball around Saranac to Dean Academy near Boston and thence into his alma mater, which he never yet had left.

He had been an unusual quarterback at Syracuse just before the war—unusual because he was so little and all the rest were so big. Syracuse football in those times seemed afflicted with giantism, and Meehan drove his troupe of behemoths like a tiny charioteer holding ribbons on Ten Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

His forte was his masterful generalship.

Like Logan, of Harvard, Choctaw Kelley of Carlisle, Llewellen of Dartmouth and other cerebral exemplars, he was good but not sensational with the ball in his arms, but no signal singer of his time could more brilliantly direct an attack, could more quickly sense a crumbling in the dike of the enemy, and send his plays pouring through in a score-finding flood.

Meehan was a natural organizer, an eternal whooper-up, a great sustainer of morale. In brief, he was a great quarterback, back there in the days when the quarter squatted under center and dominated the play with his personality and his ringing voice.

After starring on the Syracuse elevens of 1915, 1916 and 1917, the dynamic young gentleman paused to serve the colors, as all fighters of his day and time did, and then returned to Syracuse as assistant coach in 1919.

Buck O'Neill, head coach of Syracuse's thundering herd, had been directing the destinies of the Orange machine at quite a personal sacrifice. An important insurance executive in New York, he really commuted to and from the Syracuse games, handling the team under actual fire, but leaving the direction of practice to the resident staff, the brightest of which was young Meehan.

Columbia, newly excited about football, suddenly offered O'Neill her No. 1 job. This fitted ideally in with his business career and, although Meehan was unusually young, O'Neill decided to recommend him to the Syracuse authorities and transfer his own system down to Morningside Heights.

Syracuse gulped, for Meehan *was* young. There were even men on the squad who'd been in college when he was. But they believed in O'Neill's ability to recognize genius and soon the sports pages of the entire country rang with the news that Syracuse had entrusted her gridiron destinies to a lad out of college but two years!

Sports writers and football men wagged their heads. Here was the youngest head coach a big college ever had. In sports argot, he promptly became "The Kid Coach of Syracuse."

The Chance of a Lifetime

But the choice proved a happy one.

Given full authority, the young man brought his suspected powers of organization and direction quickly into flower. Instead of stumbling at the change, the Syracuse system not only held its stride, but it even picked up speed. It maintained its pace athletically, and in terms of finances—a subject upon which most Athletic Associations are annoyingly vague—it wiped out a deficit of $60,000, replacing it with a surplus of $25,000.

Even those skeptical of Meehan's youth were soon doffing their kellies.

He was successful. He was happy. He wasn't looking for a job. In fact he was turning jobs down. As he sat listening to the gentlemen from N. Y. U. unfurl their problem and its projected solution like a roll of new wall paper, he had just returned from a trip to the Coast with his team—a junket that brought glory, publicity and $25,000 net.

His salary at the moment was $5,000 and his five-year contract had three years to run. His future was bright and his present was rosy. He knew the men personally. He knew they were on their way to hire somebody else.

Hence his comment, when they'd finished, was entirely impersonal. He said, in a burst of genuine enthusiasm: "It sounds like the greatest football opportunity of the age. What a spot for the right sort of man! I don't see how you can possibly miss and all I hope is that sometime before I die I get a chance at least half as good."

Football's Grand Opera Begins

The committee held an emergency caucus in the depot. It really started in the taxicab on the way to the depot. And when the men climbed on a train a little while later, that train was headed for New York, not South Bend.

In Gotham, they summoned their associates into executive huddle and reported Mr. Meehan's significant remarks.

Shortly they turned up unannounced in Syracuse again, cornered the rather astonished young Syracuse coach and asked, "Chick, how big does $10,000 a a year look to you?"

"I couldn't begin to tell you," said Chick. "Why? Who's getting it?"

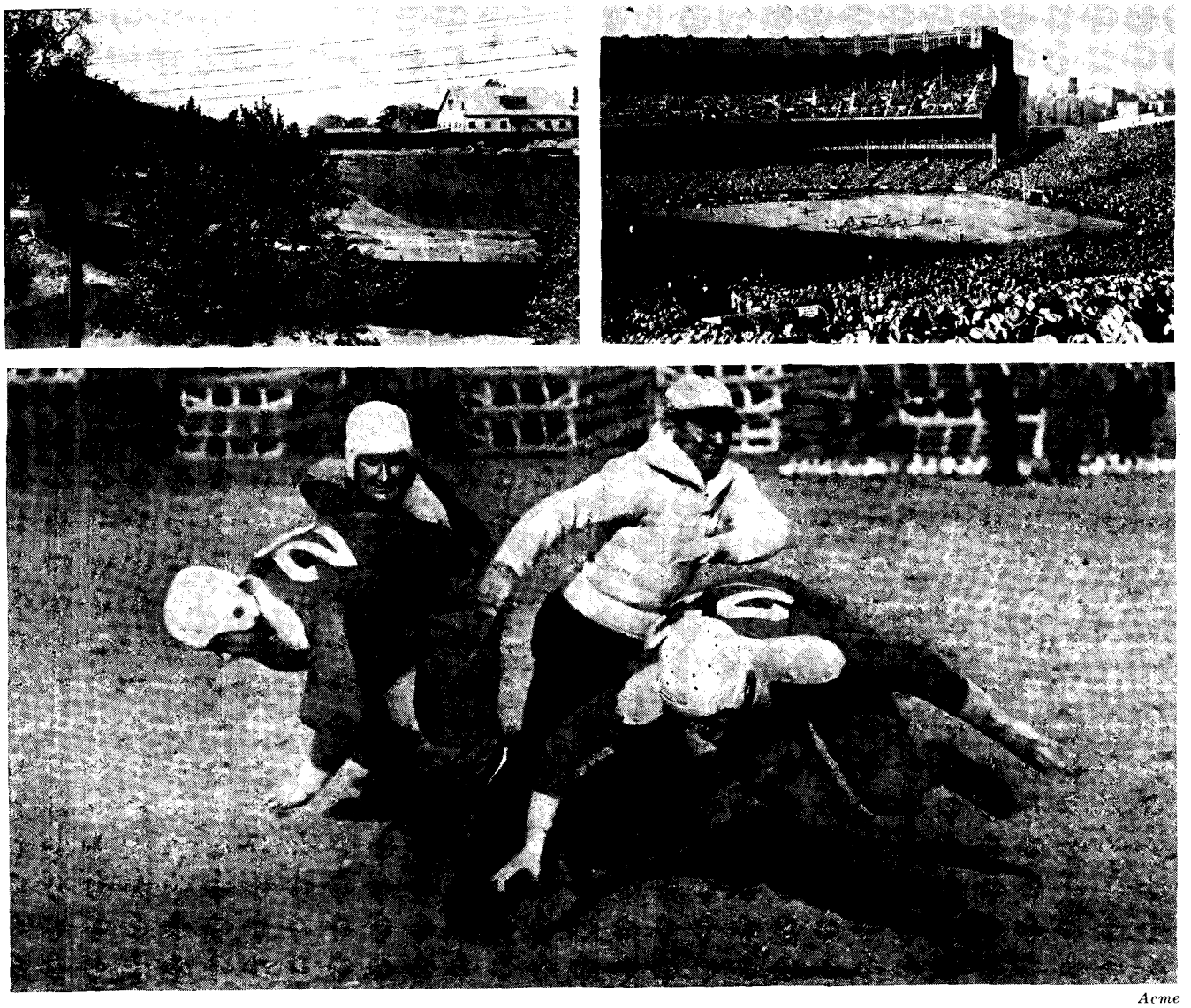
"You can have it on a term-of-years contract, if you'll take the N. Y. U. job," the spokesman informed him. "The rest of the committee is waiting at the other end of the telephone in New York. What do you say?"

"I say I'll take it," said Chick, "if I can get loose here without spilling any blood. If they won't let me out of the contract, I won't try to break it, but if they will. . . . Let me ask 'em."

Chick asked.

He told them it appeared to be the type of opportunity that knocks at a man's door but once. As it chanced, the faculty executive who had the final say was a kindly man who had himself, not so long before, been released from a much poorer contract with a much

(Continued on page 28)



Acme

From obscurity at Ohio Field (above), N. Y. U. football under Chick Meehan progressed to capacity gates at the Yankee Stadium (Fordham-N. Y. U., 1931). Below, The Master Showman puts his cast through a rehearsal

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By the Clock

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

Illustrated by Mario Cooper

LIFE was good, it lay before him a shining road; and yet they had found young Doctor Whipple, at twilight, slumped over his consultation desk, shot by his own hand. And now he lay here in his bed dying.

"But why, *why?*" That was what John Matthes was thinking, over and over, fingering his stethoscope, staring down at the face of the man who had been his pupil and friend.

For it was not like George Whipple to do this thing. Beneath all his bantering charm was ambition—for wealth, for social distinction, for medical prestige. And he had been well on his way. Only yesterday the papers had announced his engagement to Amelie Reed, who was beautiful and rich and fitted to speed him to his goal.

And now Amelie Reed must be told. She was away for the week-end and John Matthes must call her. He did, and it tore at his heart, for he knew the voice of agony when he heard it. "But you can save him," she cried frantically. "Why, you are the best doctor in New York!"

He winced at that, at her blind faith in him. "You will be here at nine?" he asked gravely. "I believe he will last till then." She trusted him so implicitly and he could hold out only that feeble hope. His face grew grim and his head thrust forward belligerently.

"He must live until Miss Reed arrives in the morning," he told the nurse. "Adrenalin will do it."

He had adrenalin in his bag and gave the hypodermic injections himself, watching the fluttering pulse, feeling it, as the hours passed, not stronger but holding its own. At two o'clock he saw that he had only three doses left. It occurred to him that there must be some in Dr. Whipple's office and he started to ask the nurse to find it. He looked up at her, for almost the first time, and saw then how white she was.

"TAKING it hard," he thought, "and why not? After all, she's been Whipple's office nurse from the start." And she had been the one who had found him; had heard the shot from the examination-room, off the office, and had rushed in to find him dying at his desk. Most women would have gone into hysterics; but here she was, sticking to her post, efficient and capable. "Nerve," he thought, and, admiring it, still was a little chilled.

"You must be all in," he said aloud. "Hadn't you better go to bed and let me call another nurse?"

Her voice sounded harsh, almost grating. "I'd rather stay," she said. He observed her; she was reaching the end of her rope, but she did not know it. He thought a moment; he could order her to bed but he saw how it was with her, realized that she had been Whipple's right hand and that it was her right to be with him to the end. "Very well," he said quietly, not arguing, "if you feel sure you can stand it."

"I can stand it," she said.

He gave the three o'clock hypodermic without asking her to go into the office to find more. "Putting it on a bit thick to have her go back in there," was his thought. Instead, he stepped out of the room, past the policeman at the door, and telephoned his own assistant. "Send over adrenalin ampoules by a messenger," he told him. "And will you come up here around eight? I'm operating at nine, of course."

"A messenger will be here presently," he told the elevator man. "Leave the package he brings in the hall." He went back into the bedroom, glad he had not sent Miss Goss back into that grisly office. He himself had shivered at entering it, had kept his eyes resolutely away from the desk, only to find them observing the examination-room while he talked. He was tired, and he was growing old, and he was grieved. He wanted never to enter Whipple's office again. Never again to see the desk, and the table in the other room, and the pair of rubber gloves lying in the basin of antiseptic.

HE WENT over and felt Whipple's pulse and found it had not changed. "He will be alive when she comes," he said to the nurse, who did not answer, but sat, a figure of stone, beside the bed with her fingers on the fluttering, feeble pulse. Wearily Dr. Matthes sat back in a deep chair. Nothing to do but to wait and to wonder, because it was his habit of mind to wonder, how Whipple had come to do this thing. The room was perfectly still except for the ticking of the old mahogany clock on the mantel. It grew loud, that ticking, marking off the moments of a man's life.

"It's Sunday night," said Miss Goss, and her words seemed to drop like stones into the silence. "That clock will probably stop sometime tomorrow. The doctor wound it every Sunday night."

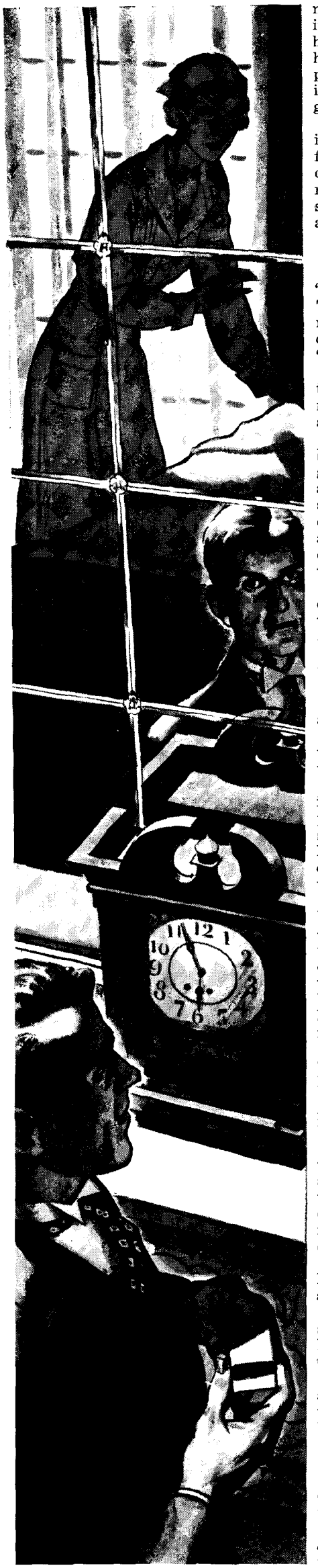
Matthes said nothing, for there was nothing to say, and the clock that was to stop tomorrow ticked on. It had looked down on George Whipple since childhood and in effect it seemed to mount guard over him now.

Matthes leaned back against the chair. He must have a few hours' rest if that was possible. "Three operations to do tomorrow morning," he thought, and as though she read his mind, Miss Goss spoke: "Aren't you operating as usual tomorrow, Dr. Matthes?" And, when he wearily nodded yes, she went on: "Then why don't you lie down on the living-room couch? I can give the stimulant and will call you if necessary."

He considered that. It was logical, of course; no use his staying here. "There's an officer outside the door," he said. "I'll tell him to call me at six. The adrenalin is on the mantel."

But it was only a quarter to six when the officer called him, and it was too late then. Amelie Reed . . . well, it was too late for her.

THAT did something to John Matthes. You could be a doctor and face death hundreds of times, but sometimes things got you. He left George Whipple and went over and leaned his arm on the mantel. Above his head was the clock, and beside his elbow was the box labeled "Adrenalin." He stared at that box, at the medicine that had failed him. He couldn't quite understand how it had happened, so sure had he been that Whipple's heart could last until eight or nine. An obscure sense of guilt in having gone to rest filled him. He should, he felt, have stayed. Mechanically his hand reached out for the box and pressed it open, while his mind kept saying, "Why couldn't we have kept him going? Just for a little while longer?"



She seemed to hesitate. "Why, is anything wrong?" she asked

Behind him Miss Goss was performing the last service she would ever do for George Whipple, but John Matthes did not hear her. His attention was riveted on the box. After a while he spoke: "You gave the adrenalin at four and at five, of course, Miss Goss?"

"Yes, Dr. Matthes."

"From this box?"

"Yes, from that box." Her tone said: "Of course, but what does it matter?" Then she seemed to hesitate. In the mirror above the mantel, above the clock, he could see her straighten. "Why, is there anything wrong?"

"Probably not," he said evenly. "I thought I had left only two here, but I may be mistaken. You see there still are two in the box."

There was a long silence. "You must be mistaken," she said at length. "I gave one at four and one at five. Exactly at those hours. I can't remember anything about the four o'clock one except that the policeman outside got up and walked around, and at five—at five, exactly, after I had given the medication I wound the clock."

"I see." Mathes looked up at the clock. Kept on looking at it, as if it were the only clock he had ever seen, as if something had been revealed to him about clocks that he had never thought of. And for the first time in his life he heard silence, a loud terrible silence, with a clock ticking like a heartbeat.

"Was it precisely five when you wound it?" he asked. "Strange for you to think of winding it—"

"It was precisely five," she said, "and it wasn't strange." Her eyes were appearing a little mad. "You see," she said simply, as mad persons do, "I loved him. It seemed to me everything couldn't stop. Something had to go on while he was still here."

HE TURNED and stared at her, at a woman who seemed no longer near the center of life but somewhere far out on its chill periphery. And suddenly the whole thing fell into a pattern, piece by piece, like a truth that had been beating in upon him, like muffled hammering upon a distant door.

"So you loved him too much," he said, "to let another woman have him for life. You killed him, wearing those rubber gloves." He looked at her almost in pity, for he saw that she was benumbed.

"She made her plans carefully," he thought. "But she didn't destroy the ampoules. How was she to guess that there were only two of them or that anyone would look in the box? And she's nervous, overwrought; no doubt, she couldn't think of everything."

"You let him die," he said, "for you loved him too much to let another woman share his last hour."

He stepped aside, so that she could see the clock. "You wound it, of course," he said, "but you wound it soon after three, when I had left."

"No, it was five—" she began. And at his look she stopped and stared at the clock. She did not speak. Nor did he. But, watching her, he knew that she realized, at last, the full significance of that lie—that needless lie which had conveyed so much to him, confirmed the suspicion, growing apace in his mind.

For it was quite evident to her, as to John Matthes, that no one could wind the clock exactly at five, for at that time the hour hand was over the keyhole.

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Going, Going, Gone

By Edward L. McKenna

Isn't it wonderful what people tell each other on shipboard? Take this girl Martha and young Louis Thorne, for instance. They—but you see how it was for yourself!

THE ship was beating its way homeward. Martha was doing just a little better than that; she still had about fifty dollars left, which, so she trusted, would be enough for her tips, and she was saying prayers that her loving family would meet her at the pier.

She'd had a splendid trip. She'd spent four days at the Crillon, whence she had written whole blocks of letters; the rest of the time she'd stopped at a little dollar-a-day bed-and-breakfast hotel over on the Avenue du Maine, which is considerably less uptown. She'd spent the whole six weeks in Paris, except for a couple of week-ends at Trouville and Dijon.

In her trunk were three dresses with labels, at least, that came from Chanel, Lanvin, and Patou, about a quart of "Nuit de Noël" and "Cocktail," an imitation jade necklace in a Rue de la Paix box, twelve pairs of gloves, forty-eight colored etchings, many of which were not so good, eight compacts, nine powder-boxes, all very tricky, and a large number of the published works of the brothers Tharaud and of Madame Colette. She was mad about Colette, even if she didn't quite understand all of the words.

Was Martha pretty? Well, she was twenty-two, and tall, and blond, very blond, not at all on the henna side; and she weighed a hundred and eighteen. Pretty? She was as pretty as your first sweetheart, or your last one—and as nice, and as annoying, and as crazy, though, one trusts, in somewhat different ways.

NATURALLY, Martha traveled first class. She'd have traveled first class, at least one way, if she'd had to swim home. However, the rates were low this summer, and she managed it.

This particular evening she had found herself with a party of seven, having coffee in the smoking-room. Perhaps most of them were like Martha, trying to be what they were not; who knows? It's a difficult age, twenty-two, and most of them were not much older. At any rate, then you're brave and young. As for Martha, was she not a blonde in a black evening dress, and with a new pair of earrings which made her look particularly exasperating, especially to a young man who was playing chess at a table near by, and drinking a lot of dark beer at the same time?

An interesting-looking young man he was, though some there might be who'd think he needed a hair-cut. He was never to be seen after midnight without his dinner jacket, and in the daytime he wore Irish tweed knickers, or else white flannels. He looked as if he bathed, shaved, and brushed his teeth at least every day—and so, in fact, he did.

To everyone, except a couple of old gentlemen with whom he played chess, his manner was cold and distant; he seemed to disdain deck sports, though he had a sweater with a letter on it. He wasn't precisely unostentatious with this garment, nor was the jeweled pin upon his vest so precisely over his heart as to be hidden from the vulgar gaze. However, he didn't wear either of these with his evening clothes, and that, at least, is something. He was big enough, and brown enough, and handsome enough to interest any huntress, particularly on a ship. However, he let them all languish in vain.

Martha knew his name—Louis Sanford Thorne. Also she'd heard that he was an artist—a painter, to be more exact. Furthermore, she'd heard that he lived in Paris and was making a trip back to the United States, doubtless to confer with his agent, or his dealers, or perhaps the Metropolitan Museum.

So there was Martha, her voice too high, her laugh too shrill, and her earrings never still, and there was young Mr. Thorne, stuffing English tobacco into an English pipe, and moodily ordering another beer, in French, which is not too difficult, and saying to himself, no doubt, "It's the rich get all the pleasure."

For young Mr. Thorne was likewise poor indeed. He was broke, he was flat, he was busted. He could buy beer, he could shoot at the clay pigeons, he could get a shave every day. But he couldn't buy champagne, or coffee and liqueurs, or play contract. So he played chess.

Presently Martha and her friends arose and swept out of the smoking-room with a gayety as high and determined as a virgin's heart. They were going to the auction.

The ship's auction is rather better fun than the ship's concert, and somewhat less amusing than the boxing matches. However, it's for the benefit of the sailors' widows and children and, besides, it's something to do.

Martha, feeling very gay indeed, sat down with her friends and listened to the bidding. A Mr. Wolf and a Mr. Goldfarb were doing most of it. The auctioneer was a certain Mr. Jones, one of those men who infest ships, getting up games, taking up collections, making important announcements, and being hail-fellow-well-met.

THE objects of art offered for sale were about as usual. A bolt of lace, a bottle of perfume, a copy of Work in Progress, a rose-knot made of hemp, a ship model, a nightgown not made by the nuns. Mr. Goldfarb would buy them, usually, or else Mr. Wolf.

One of Martha's party bid a thousand francs for the nightie, but fortunately

"Sold! Sold to the young lady with the lovely hair, for ten thousand francs." "I mustn't faint," Martha said to herself

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Illustrated by James W. Earley

"You know I don't amount to much," he said. "I wouldn't ask you to marry me right away"

she didn't get it. Soon they were all bidding, but they'd drop out in good time, as a general thing.

Martha was feeling very fine. The world was rosy. There she was, looking beautiful, and with fine friends, and in process of becoming a Woman of the World—if only her family, and particularly her mother, wouldn't cramp her style too much.

"Now," said Mr. Jones, the auctioneer, "I have here a fine print of an etching by—uh—by Du Gay. It's called Absinthe. A couple of absinthe drinkers, you see."

"O-oh!" said Martha. "Look, Dot. That's Min and Bill. I *must* have Min and Bill! . . . One hundred francs!"

One hundred francs were then only four dollars. The auctioneer smiled at Martha. "Oh, really, my dear," he said.

"A thousand francs," said Mr. Wolf.

"Eleven hundred francs," said Martha.

Now, eleven hundred francs was still forty-four dollars.

"Two thousand," said Mr. Goldfarb.

"Three thousand," said Mr. Wolf.

THE etching was sold for five thousand francs, to Mr. Wolf. It may have been too much money. But what money is too much for a lovely thing?

"Now," said Mr. Jones, "I have another picture here, which has been generously donated to us by the artist. It is the work of a very promising young American artist who is—ah—who is well known both in France and in New York. I am happy to say that he is one of our fellow passengers. I refer to —ah—Mr. Louis Sanford Thorne."

There was a rustle of polite applause.

"Is Mr. Thorne here? . . . He doesn't seem to be here. Well, here is his picture, at any rate. A subject that is, I am sure, familiar to all of us, and charmingly treated. Charmingly. The flower market at the—at the Madeleine."

"One hundred francs," said Martha, in a voice that sounded, even to her, somewhat too high.

"Two hundred," someone said, in the rear of the lounge.

"Five hundred," said Mr. Goldfarb, decisively.

"Five hundred, eh?" said Mr. Jones. "Well, well! You gentlemen are certainly going in for art this trip. Do I hear one thousand?"

"One thousand," said Mr. Wolf.

"Two thousand," said Mr. Goldfarb, his bald head shining like a good deed in a naughty world.

"That's nice! That's so nice! . . . And the beautiful young lady?"

"Three thousand," said Martha.

"That's talking! That's magnificent! Three thousand, I'm offered. Now, perhaps, you connoisseurs will give me a little more. How about you, Mr. Goldfarb?"

"Five thousand," said Mr. Goldfarb.

"Seven thousand," said Martha.

"Nine thousand," said Wolf.

"Ten," said Martha.

"Good! Splendid! This young lady knows a bargain, ladies and gentlemen. It was she who bid on the other picture, you remember. Ten thousand, I'm offered. This fine work of a fine young American artist. Come, gentlemen. Can't we hear one more bid? The cloak-and-suit business is always good, no matter how times may be. Mr. Goldfarb?"

"I'm through," Mr. Goldfarb said. "No."

"Well, then. You, Mr. Wolf?" said Mr. Jones, with a happy smile.

"No," said Mr. Wolf.

"Very well, then. Ten thousand, I'm offered. Ten thousand, once! Ten thousand, twice! Sold! Sold to the young lady with the lovely hair, for ten thousand francs!"

He beamed at her, thinking to himself how well he was doing it.

"I mustn't faint," Martha whispered to her own self. "I've got to carry this off, somehow."

She smiled at the approaching steward. "I'll have to give a check for this. I suppose tomorrow will do?"

"But of course, madame. Mees Martha Pyne? P-y-n-e? Thank you, madame."

Martha rose and began to make her way through the row of chairs. There was a little patter of applause, and then a wave of it swept to her so that she had to smile, and try to blush, and bow.

She wasn't feeling at all like that. She'd engaged to buy a picture for ten thousand francs. Ten thousand francs! That was four hundred dollars—and she didn't have fifty.

It was cool and dark on deck. She walked slowly to the rail and looked down at the dark, rushing water. Footsteps were behind her. They stopped.

"Miss Pyne."

"Yes," she said, and turned.

"I—I saw you buy my picture. Thank you. Thank you very much."

"Oh!" said Martha. "Yes. Your—your picture."

"I heard you bidding on the etching, too. I'll give you a print of that, sometime, if I may. . . . Did you see the etchings in the Tuileries a year or two ago?"

"No. I was at the shore last year."

"It was all right. It was very interesting. A lot of self-portraits. . . . I—I have a Daumier. Just a small one. . . . Would you—could I buy you a drink, Miss Pyne?"

"No. No, thank you. I'd—let's walk a little, shall we?"

"Won't you take my coat? You'll be cold, in that dress. . . ."

"Thank you. O-oh! It's miles too big. Will you turn the collar up, please? That's fine. You—you're not cold? I'm stealing your coat."

"No," he said.

"Mr. Thorne, I—I'm in serious trouble. I've bought your picture and I can't pay for it. I've gone through my money, and I've only about fifty dollars until—until I get home."

HE WAS silent for a second, but not much longer. "Well," he said. "Well, now. Don't you worry about that. We'll fix it."

"I don't know anyone well enough to —to ask for ten thousand francs. Goodness! That's four hundred dollars! Four hundred!"

"I'll take care of this. It will be all right. Don't you worry."

"You think I can explain my difficulty about your picture? I don't understand quite how I came to get myself into such a—such a—"

"It will be all right. Don't worry about it. I—I can take care of it."

"I—I'm so relieved, just talking to you. I'm so much obliged to you, Mr.

(Continued on page 48)

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The Bond Between Us

By Winston Churchill

What's our place today in the world economic picture? No one is in a better position to say than Winston Churchill. From a situation of influence and authority he has watched that picture take shape. Here he brings the searchlight of his experience to bear upon our problems

Cartoons by J. N. Darling

Forcing debtors into extreme courses will have unpleasant results

I WAS, I believe, the first to advocate the World Economic Conference. It has come. It has gone. It has failed. Sixty-six nations, assembled from every quarter of the globe, have met together in a time of dire and grinding need and after a few flowery speeches have scattered in utter futility on the four winds of heaven. A memorable and a melancholy episode! Pessimists may declare that the world will long look back to the abortive result of the World Conference of 1933 as a milestone upon a downward march of human fortunes. Optimists, to whom I must inveterately adhere, still hope there will be another chance.

But what was the cause of the grand fiasco? It was that no arrangement was made beforehand, as I ventured to urge, between the United States and Great Britain. If these two countries, who once in accord are the masters of world finance, had been able to reach a common understanding, to settle between themselves the goal for which they were making, it is certain that France would have been forced to seek inclusion in the pact, and that the rest of the world, or the greater part of it, would have thankfully conformed thereto.

When we sent our Prime Minister over to the United States, it was in the hope that the basis at least would have been laid for such an understanding. The President in inviting him is believed to have said, "We shall do more work for God than has ever been done in a week-end before," or words to that effect. This was putting it very high, and naturally great hopes were excited. But before Mr. MacDonald could reach New York, the United States had slipped off gold, and the week-end, which was to do so much, evaporated in the pleasant intercourse of distinguished men, each of whom departed without any clear idea of where he ought to go or what the other wished to do. Such breakdowns play havoc with the comity of nations. They tend to throw us all increasingly back into the rut of economic nationalism in favor of which so many hearty and exuberant choruses can be raised. Surely in the weeks preceding the great and desirable American departure from the gold standard, Washington should have asked London the question, "If we quit gold, at what point do we link with you?"

It is evident from all that I have written and said in the past upon this subject that I am, though a foreigner, an ardent admirer of the main drift and impulse which President Roosevelt has given to the economic and financial policy of the United States. I believe not only that it is for the good of the United States and consequently for the good of the world, but that it is independently for the good of the world besides. The attempt, already largely successful, to wipe out the injustice caused to debtors of all kinds by the enhancement of the dollar compared to commodities, is a resolve of noble and heroic sanity. I well remember the cheers with which I was greeted at Chicago in January, 1932, when I pointed out that the Illinois farmer had at that time to plow a mile furrow to pay off the same amount of mortgage that a thousand yards would have done less than three years before.

The currencies of both the great English speaking peoples have now been cut loose from gold, and nearly thirty per cent relief has in fact been given in the United States to the new wealth produced every year, in relation to the old accumulations of the past.

A Race to Ruin

I should have liked, I confess, to see this equitable and splendid step taken with even greater vigor by a definite reduction in the gold content of the dollar. I hope and believe this will yet be done, but I hold most strenuously that any such step should be taken as part of a bargain with Great Britain, so that all the prestige of the two great financial countries could be enlisted behind the new unit of values.

I must note, as a digression, a very vicious tendency which is now rife in the world, and which has queered the pitch of trade and darkened counsel during the last twelve months. There is a desire to use depreciated currencies as a means of fostering external trade. This is only to reproduce tariff wars and tariff obstructions in a new and far more delicate sphere of international commerce. The competition of great communities to reduce the nominal values of their currencies to the lowest point would be a form of folly, as near akin to madness as castaway mariners on a raft lapping salt water in rivalry in the delusion that the winner would quench his thirst. A race between the leading commercial powers, to see who can make his currency valueless in the international market first, ought only to be held in some really large lunatic asylum. If economic nationalism invades the monetary sphere, the problems of traders, merchants and manufacturers will indeed become unsolvable. That it has already done so in an alarming degree is an explanation of the world failure to make a substantial approach to recovery.

There ought to be a stable unit of value and exchange between the great trading nations. The people have a right to ask this from their rulers. If gold through its misuse or hoarding has ceased to be available for that high function, all the more vital is it that the leading currencies should be harmonized and interwoven. We have broken free from gold. You have broken free from gold. Gold soars upward on the wings of panic. But where are we to find a resting place for the soles of our feet? Surely in our own virtue and in the intrinsic value of our new efforts; in the faithful conduct of our finances and in the association of our joint strength and reputation. The only alternative is that we wall ourselves up in our respective pens like the old robber barons in their feudal castles.

I am well aware that there were complaints in America of the British complacency about the fall of the pound sterling after Great Britain went off gold. I am certainly not now concerned to make a case for or against either of our countries in the matter at this juncture. We naturally contend that we were forced to quit gold by admittedly overwhelming pressure, and that we sacrificed one hundred million pounds in a vain effort to defend our currency. It was inevitable on the morrow of such an experience that we should let things drift and rejoice in any lucky results of their drifting. But since then the United States, perhaps provoked by this or else driven by internal causes, with a third of the world's gold in her coffers and an enormous export balance, has also cut itself adrift from gold and has gleefully driven down the dollar in relation to the pound. ("Two can play at that game," etc.)

Let us not recriminate about the past. Let us cry quits and see if something better cannot be organized. We must recognize that gold, for all his fine uniform and glittering lace, can no longer be the interpreter between the currencies. They are already speaking different languages from all those he has learned. Want of confidence has created a monetary babel, and gold must be content to take his place among commodities. No doubt it will be the place of honor.

A British View of Our N.R.A.

Although I most cordially agree with and acclaim President Roosevelt's policy of raising wholesale prices to the levels of normal years, it is impossible not to feel a grave anxiety—for we are all to a large extent in the same boat—about his policy of controlling all the businesses of the United States and regulating so minutely and in such a short time the delicate interplay between capital and labor. On this side of the Atlantic we are unable to judge whether such an experiment will succeed. We devoutly hope it will succeed. But the British trade union system and its influence in British industry has been a plant of very slow and gradual growth. One wonders whether such a change can be introduced in a few months into American industry for the purpose of meeting an emergency. Still, there are few things that cannot be done by a great and educated democracy if everybody acts together in good comradeship and good will.

Over here they sometimes don't. But when it comes to shortening the hours of labor in a time of unparalleled unemployment, one feels that the President is again marching along the high road of national and international salvation. We speak of the improvement of modern machinery as "labor saving." What does "labor saving" mean? Does it mean simply that some laborers are to

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work as long and as hard as ever, while millions of others are to be told that they will never be wanted again? If so, machinery and invention would be a curse to the wage-earning classes, and we might well ask, "Where were the Luddites wrong when they riotously destroyed the new engines which were destroying them?" But if "labor saving" means that the wage-earning masses are, with the aid of machinery, to make the same amount of things for something like the same wage in a shorter time, and have more leisure, then indeed will machinery and invention be a gift and a blessing to mankind. Surely this is one of the simple basic conclusions to which the working classes in every country should give their allegiance. Surely a shortening of the hours of labor is the first of the governing levers by which unemployment, the displacement or surplus of labor, should be corrected.

I can hardly describe with what eagerness, not only our working people, but all those who think about social problems in this island, are watching the results of President Roosevelt's valiant effort to solve the riddle of the sphinx. Once again the United States has become a pioneer, breaking with sturdy axemanship a path through the forest, and striving not only to blaze a trail, but to make a road which, if ever it is opened, the world will surely follow.

War Debts the Root of Trouble

After dwelling upon these vast and vital topics, it is a lamentable descent to the comparatively petty, yet ugly and irritating question of war debts. I have always believed that they lie at the root of our troubles. The attempt of the victorious allies to obtain enormous payments from Germany was bound to fail. No people can establish a large permanent lien on the future production of another. Not less injurious and crazy was the effort to liquidate these vast obligations through the agency of the poor little stocks of world gold. Debts can only be paid across frontiers in goods or services, and if these cannot be received without injury to native industry, they are frankly irrecoverable. We have seen the exchanges of the world disorganized, and gold disqualified as a standard of measurement by the endeavor to use this scarce yellow metal to discharge the gigantic obligations so airily chalked up by credit. But here again great progress has been made. Obstacles deemed insurmountable have been pushed aside or broken in pieces by the logic of facts and the hard thinking of experience.

One thing is clear: No European country is going to pay any war indemnities or war debts except England, and the question is, "How much will England pay?" It is idle for the United States or Great Britain to expect the slightest repayment from Germany. Since the war, Germany has borrowed to the utmost of her capacity without apparent intention of repaying either on public or private account. The present régime in Germany would glory in the fact that, though Germany lost the war, at any rate she got two and a half billion dollars on the balance out of England and America as compensation for her losses. If Germany does not pay, France and Italy will not pay what they owe either to Great Britain or to the United States. Thus it all comes back to England.

And what should England do? Let us suppose for the moment that the United States decided to remain oblivious of all that has taken place in Europe and the world. Let us suppose the United States government were to say: "What is it to us that all your debtors have failed you? That is your affair. We rest upon your honor and your contracted faith. All the more because these others have defaulted us as well as you, must we come down on the one faithful debtor. Your good faith will cost you dearly; but we admire you very much. It is a fine thing to have such firm principles in this dissolving world. Pay us therefore everything you owe according to the letter of the bond. Even the shot and shell fired to cover the employment of armies on the common front; even the excess profits collected by us from the American manufacturers who supplied you with the munitions."

A Knife that Cuts Two Ways

Let us suppose for a moment that a thing like this happened. Let us further suppose, and it is a big supposition, that England accepted the situation. What would she have to do in order to pay the full amount of her war debt to the United States? It is no use arguing, "She can well afford to pay. At the moment she is better off than we." Both these statements would be true. The question is not the ability to pay, but the method and the consequences of payment, across the exchange and across the ocean.

We are the greatest customers of the United States. We buy every year from them between three and four times what we sell them. Our adverse balance is liquidated by shipping tropical products, by roundabout trade and by the interest upon our own private investments in the United States or in countries trading in favorable terms with them. Many experts think that, even so, the annual balance is adverse to us and is running us subterraneously into further debt.

But on the assumption I am now making we should have to pay between forty and fifty millions sterling per annum over and above the ordinary adverse balance of trade between the two countries. How could we do this? Obviously only in one way. We should have to reduce our purchases from the United States as much as we possibly could in order to save a margin for repayment of the war debts. First of all these is tobacco. Many millions of pounds' worth of American tobacco are imported every year; we could certainly do without this. If it came to a choice between our obligations and our tobacco, the tobacco would have to go. Our smokers would have to makeshift with the supplies they could get from the British Empire or from Egypt and Turkey. The same argument would cover motor cars and luxuries of all kinds. But there are certain commodities—cotton for instance—which, whatever else happens, we must buy from the United States. Here the problem would become severely one of collecting dollars on this side of the Atlantic which could be remitted westward in payment of our debt. But here the position is not so one-sided as it looks. If Lancashire is mainly dependent upon American cotton, the cotton states also find in Lancashire their main market. The crop has to be grown each year, if millions of Americans who depend upon it are to live. We might therefore have to place a surtax upon all American cotton entering Great Britain and remit its whole yield in the shape of dollar credits to New York. We could of course indemnify our own cotton spinners in the remission of taxation or in some other form of local currency. This is substantially the manner in which up to the Lausanne Conference a year ago we collected the reduced indemnity which Germany had agreed to pay us. By thus on the one hand reducing our purchases from America and buying from other countries to whom we were not already debtors, or doing without in all cases of luxury, and on the other hand by levying a surtax in dollars on American importations at the ports, we could accumulate the dollar credits or a great part of them necessary for the half-yearly installments of the debt.

Such a process would be equally injurious to both countries and it could not fail to raise an increasing friction between them.

Nothing is more insane than the world race to devaluate currencies

The Approaching Debt Crisis

Happily we need not pursue any of these somber reflections. The act of President Roosevelt, in declaring last May that the token payment of two million pounds by Great Britain in lieu of about twenty million did not constitute a default, was alike one of the boldest and most sagacious of any that he has taken in his short but historic term of office. It is courageous because it faces the difficulty of making the ordinary public understand that vast debts between nations cannot be treated like the ordinary indebtedness of private life. You can distrain upon the goods of an individual citizen, but you cannot put nations in the county court and get a bill of distress upon their furniture.

Secondly, the process of payment of the debts of individuals, whether in a country or across an exchange, has no relation to the process of payment of the vast obligations arising out of the Great War. These can only be paid in goods, services or gold, the first two of which are not wanted and the third is neither wanted nor, except fractionally, available. But how hard to explain this in a time of general dearth and stress, with everybody poorer and millions unemployed! It was sagacious because it comprehended the realities of international trade.

We are very near in time to another crisis of the Anglo-American debt settlement. It is a matter for general rejoicing that we are nearer than we have ever been to a settlement on the merits. It is a matter of great consequence to the world that Great Britain and the United States, the two supreme creditor nations, should adjust their difficulties in such a manner as not to make repudiation of the written bond almost universal throughout the globe.

It is astonishing how countries which have defaulted have seemed to thrive. Germany, after her mark had gone to the moon, was able to borrow again almost immediately. France, who has devaluated her franc to one fifth of its pre-war value and has bluntly refused to pay her war debts, already conceives herself in a position to lecture her disappointed creditor, the United States, upon financial orthodoxy. This is no time for forcing a faithful debtor into extreme courses. Still less is it a time when the English-speaking peoples should fall out. It is a time for practical measures. It is a time for settlement; and it is a time when our two countries' real and lasting interests which lie beneath the surface of things should be understood. It is fortunate indeed at this juncture that, taught by the pressure and anxieties which grip the whole world, a sense of common self-preservation and mutual support laps the consciousness of the British and American peoples.

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You Sing Something

By Stanley Paul

Illustrated by Robert O. Reid

A collegiate song-and-dance number, featuring a siren of 1933 and a young man who knew enough of the answers to get by

CHIRP DENNIS was taking The Runt—whom some people, not knowing better, might have called Marion Bloodgood—to dance at The Brunswick in Boston. Chirp wished, rather vaguely, that he was taking some one else; whom, specifically, he was not sure; not that he didn't particularly want The Runt along; it was just that . . . well, for one thing, she had seen him through two love affairs—Chirp called them that—with her older, and now married, sisters. After they were over she had managed to assuage his wounded heart and make him feel slightly absurd all at once; then, too, there was her age: she was awfully young and . . . well . . . she was just The Runt.

She, on her part, blandly unconscious of his silent disapproval, chattered away with sparkling eyes:

"I had a letter from Marge today—you wouldn't believe, would you, that two sisters could correspond so regularly? She asked for you, Chirp. She'll always have a soft spot in her heart for the lad who tried to get her to elope with him on New Year's Eve."

"What did she say?" Chirp asked, trying to appear casual.

"Well—she wanted mostly to know if you'd recovered from the shock of seeing her with her first baby last summer when she was home visiting. Honestly, you *were* funny, Chirp."

"Shut up!" said Chirp, and pulled viciously into Boylston Street.

"Where are you taking me?" The Runt asked.

Chirp expanded. He really felt large about their destination.

"The Brunswick," he announced.

"Oh, lovely!" said The Runt rapturously.

"But listen!" Chirp admonished. "It isn't because I have an impulse to spend a lot of money on you. They've a new guitar player there. I hear he's hot. And I want to crib his breaks—if he has any good ones."

CHIRP waited for her briefly in the sedate lobby while she powdered her nose; when she rejoined him they passed through a doorway which divided, paradoxically, a quiet lounge from the great Egyptian Room: bizarre, colorful, exotic.

A few minutes later, as they danced, Chirp stiffened suddenly. The Runt seemed to sense a change in his mood and his style.

"What is it?" she asked, glancing up at him.

"Look," muttered Chirp, inclining his head so he spoke against her little ear, "there's a chap on the floor that I particularly dislike. Give me a few static glances, will you? You're cute—in your way—and I'd like him to think that you go for me."

"Sweet," The Runt protested, swaying lightly in his arms, "you don't think I need prompting to do that, do you?"

"Don't overdo it," Chirp added somewhat anxiously. "I'll wind up near him when the music stops. Just act as if you sort of hated to see the dance end, that's all."

The Runt followed instructions; so much so, in fact, that Chirp, looking into her clear, blue eyes, rather forgot what the act was all about for a moment; then he said, suddenly, and with recovered purpose: "Hs-s-st!! Here he is—right beside us."

The Runt sighed and turned her little patrician head to inspect the chap for whose benefit she was supposed to be performing.

Moaningly he came to the end, chained, so said his song, to this "raw-kin chayyer." "Gorgeous," she breathed with rapture

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She smiled prettily.

"Hello, Ken," she said.

Chirp took a severe jolt; practice at taking them had steeled him, however: so he stood insouciant, with an air of studied indifference.

"You know Peg Alcott, of course?" said the man to whom she had spoken.

"Of course! Hello, Peg."

"Hello, Runt darling! How *are* you?"

"Floating, honey. Do you two know Chirp . . . Mr. Dennis?"

Kenneth Gledhill lifted an arrogant brow.

"*I* don't," he stated, quite as if that in itself were qualification.

Liar! thought Chirp. You know darned well who I am.

"Then you've missed something," The Runt informed them. "Miss Alcott and Mr. Gledhill, Mr. Dennis."

Chirp bowed briefly and stiffly.

" 'do," he said.

" 'cha," said Gledhill; then he moved a bit closer to The Runt and said, with an intimate air: "Don't forget next Friday. The Barclay Club."

"I SHAN'T," The Runt assured him. "So glad to have seen you. Will you tell me," she demanded a moment later as she and Chirp progressed through the throng to their table, "just why you were so rude?"

"Rude?"

"Yes; you stood there as stiff as grandfather's knee. Haughty, I'd call it."

Chirp drew a chair for her.

"No more so than Gledhill," he said, and sat down himself. He regarded her vindictively for a moment. "So," he went on, after allowing sufficient time for his disapproval to register, "it's the Barclay on Friday, is it? With *him!* How long have you known him?"

"Let's see . . ." The Runt raised four slim fingers and pulled them down one by one. "Settemmer, Ottober, Nowemmer—"

"Quit that! You know I can't go it. Where did you meet him?"

"Oh! At my house . . . mostly."

"You mean he's been out to Norwood to call on you?"

"Well," she replied, "that's where he comes to get me when we have a date. I mean, it would be silly, wouldn't it, for me to call at his house? Or should I do that?"

"Would you mind," said Chirp, "telling me what you see in him?"

"Not at all," said The Runt helpfully. "I think his smile is fascinating. It has the cutest quirk. Or perhaps I just love his dancing—I don't know. Anyway, he has the grandest air of belonging, no matter where he is. Besides, he's tall and broad through the shoulders. And *so* smoo-oo-ooth!"

The Runt regarded Chirp with eyes that were faintly amused.

"Now that I've given you my reactions to Mr. Gledhill," she suggested, "supposing you give me yours."

"He's a smutch!" said Chirp shortly.

"Why?"

"He's the egregious egg who blighted my college life."

"Wait till I get out my hanky," The Runt said. "Now go ahead."

"Nuts! I'm not crying on your shoulder."

He toyed with a crumb on the linen. How curiously are young men constituted! While he vehemently denied a wish to unburden himself, he ardently hoped that she'd persuade him to do so. His hope was not vain: The Runt was dependable.

"I said yes," she insisted. "After all, Chirp, who's the keeper of the keys in this twosome? Who lets your emotions out for a run and whistles them in when it storms? Who pulled you out of the blaze when you built a fire under your heart for Constance and Marge? Who—"

"No one," said Chirp hastily.

"All right, then. Now tell me, or I'll reminisce some more."

"Well," he said, with the conviction that he had been adequately urged, "it was last year. This guy Gledhill stopped me in The Yard one afternoon: said he was selecting interesting looking Freshmen for interviews. Who was I? Where did I prepare? What had I done? What was I good at? And what were my aims in college? I, like a boob, unraveled my soul for him. I told him I'd been coxswain of the fours at Exeter, and that I'd been in the instrumental and glee clubs. Then I said that to me the *sine qua non* of a successful college life was to make the social clubs; that I was out to make them—the same ones, if possible, that my father and uncle made when they were there.

"Imagine, if you can, my embarrassment when I discovered the whole thing run under a picture of one of the Zilch family with the headlines: 'Mr. Charles Dennis—One Freshman Who is Out to Win.' That tag stuck. It was a swell comedy gag, but it ruined me. My chances of making any clubs now are about as good as those of Mae West making the Junior League."

"But, Chirp," The Runt protested, "everything you told him about Exeter was true. And you have all the qualifications for social success, if you'd only loosen up. You know how attractive *I* think you are. And you're clever. You made the Freshman boxing team and you coxed the Freshman crew. You sing better than Crosby—to say nothing of playing the guitar like a fool."

"Do you think," asked Chirp, "that I'd be seen in Cambridge with a guitar in my hand after that article?"

SUDDENLY a few bars of quick music sounded; the drummer rat-tatted for attention and the leader advanced to the front of the platform:

"A moment, please! Miss Betty Gibson, whose new show is trying out at the Colonial prior to its New York première, has just come in. We have persuaded her to do a number for you: Blue Prelude. Phil Carleton will support Miss Gibson in a special guitar arrangement. Thank you!"

A slim girl, whose sleek crown of black and lustrous hair emphasized the clear pallor of her face, rose from a floorside table, where she had been sitting with two men in evening dress, and made her way, through a clatter of striking palms, toward the dance band, where she was joined by a chap, guitar in hand, who bowed to her and seated himself a little behind her. He rippled his fingers across the strings; sought out little vamping minors and faintly plucked them; then broke into a fascinating rhythm of strong, sustaining undertones, as the girl's voice—soft and husky—floated out over the room:

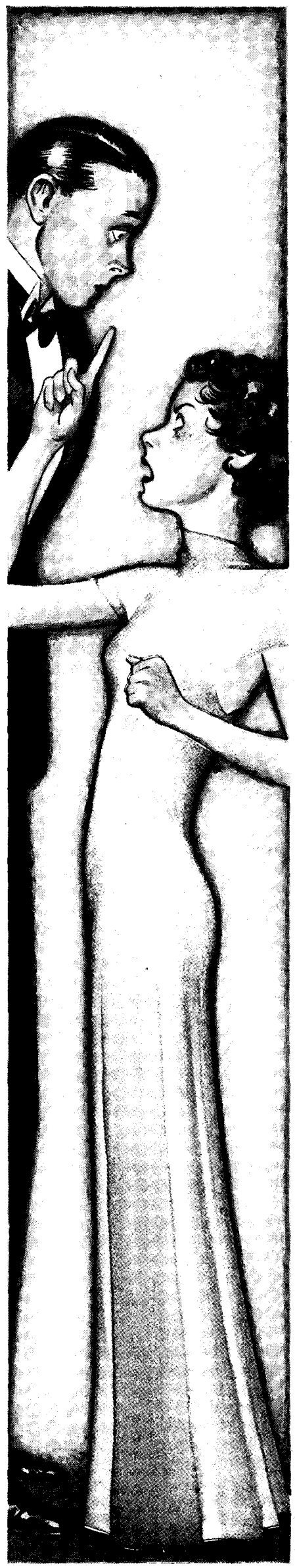
" . . . *what is love but a prelude to sorrow . . . ?*"

"Oh, Lord!" breathed Chirp, enraptured. "Isn't that swell! Oh, isn't that swell!"

The entire orchestra took up the tune and absorbed it. Reeds sobbed; subdued thumpings emanated from the taut skins on the kettles; a sad clarinet wailed softly; Betty Gibson's voice rose and fell in a final throb of plaintive blue mourning. Ecstatic applause broke out.

Chirp watched her retrace her steps to her table.

"You know," he said pensively to no one at all, "in that part where she hits 'sorr-o-ow' . . . tum-ta-tum . . . right in



"You look here, Chirp Dennis! It's time somebody told you something"

there I could give her a diminishing minor that would put that jeweled voice of hers in a Tiffany setting."

"Chirp!" The Runt's eyes were wide. "I didn't know you had a penchant for rhapsody! Jeweled voice indeed! Tell me, while you're in the mood: what is *my* voice like?"

Chirp did not answer. His gaze remained on Betty Gibson.

"Look," he said, "there goes your hero. He apparently knows celebrities, too."

Gledhill was standing by the songstress. They talked; then she laughed a little and nodded her head as if in assent to something.

"You see," said The Runt admiringly, "he has a way with him."

"I also see," said Chirp, "that he's coming over here. Remember: I'm not trading dances tonight."

He stood up as Gledhill arrived.

"MARION," said Gledhill, with a nod to Chirp, "I forgot to mention it, but the night of the Dartmouth game my sister—the married one, Mrs. Hammond—is giving a party at her country house in Dover. Her husband's a Dartmouth man, you know. She's having Reisman's music, much fun, big crowd. Wants me to bring out people. Betty Gibson's just promised she'll run out after her show. Won't you come, too?"

"Oh!" said The Runt. "How lovely! But, you see, I have a date with Chirp—I mean Mr. Dennis—that night."

Gledhill was quite resourceful.

"I meant, of course, to include him." He turned and raised the supercilious brow again. "You'll come . . . er . . . Dennis?"

What a spot! Chirp couldn't be patently rude; nor deny a date with The Runt, although it was the first he knew of it. How he'd love to paste Gledhill with a chocolate eclair or something. Outwardly, however, he remained perfectly mannered.

He bowed and said: "Thank you."

"Splendid," said Gledhill without enthusiasm. "I'll see *you*" (to The Runt) "next Friday. Until then?"

"Until then."

"Poppo! Happy weather!"

"Among other things," said Chirp as he resumed his seat, "he now has a British complex. And when, if you don't mind, did I make a date with you for the night of the Dartmouth game?"

"Don't you remember, darling?"

"I do not. And I've no desire to attend any of Gledhill's parties. Shall we dance?"

The Runt regarded her sliced-chicken sandwich with regretful eyes.

"How can I bear to abandon this luscious fillet? These beautiful shoestring potatoes? Those salad? That—"

"Come on," said Chirp gruffly.

She slipped into his arms at the edge of the floor so quickly and lightly that he held her almost before he was aware of it. Only that he caught suddenly the faint fragrance of her hair, and sensed the warmth of her smooth cheek close to his, did he know that she was there.

AT GLEDHILL'S party or, rather, Gledhill's sister's party or, better still perhaps—to phrase it in terms originating in Chirp's inferiority complex—the party to which The Runt had chiseled an invitation for him, he haunted the stag line; except on the occasions when The Runt sought him out and drew him toward the dance floor.

"Here you lie where you longed to be," she said, "surrounded by Owls, Delphics, Pi Etas, even a Porcellian or two, to say nothing of a slew of Hasty Puddings—and what are you doing about it? You're grousing—lurking's more like it—behind potted palms. Brighten up, my love, and exhibit the old Dennis

(Continued on page 39)

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Along came Prosperity

By Grover Jones

None of this would have happened if Chick Weely had shaved off his mustache. As The Miser said, you could stuff a buggy seat with it. What a man!

Man, was she mad! She let loose a flock of words big enough for a girl twice her size

THE trouble started when Chick Weely tried to join our can gang. Now nobody disliked Chick, particularly, but it's always been a rule in coal-mining camps that a man with a mustache has no business drinking from a growler unless he does it alone. In the first place, he sops up more than his share of beer and, besides, nobody likes to look at a foam-painted picture on a man's muff.

Chick's was more than a mustache—a clump of rank weed, big enough to stuff a buggy seat and two sets of boxing gloves, and it draped down over his tobacco-stained chin like sulphur streaks in a poor vein of coal. One dip of that brush into a fresh can of beer and there was nothing left for the boys but conversation.

We talked it over at The Miser's shack. We'd been holding out there during a four months' strike and a right sociable bunch we had, too. There was Jake Tarmer, who was on the water box at No. 2; Clint Binden and Miles Kelly, from Toad Hop; Corney Leeman and his son—the one that went to jail for throwing pit shoes through the windows of the Baptist Church; Stump Hoeffler, a check-weighman from Brazil; my buddy, Sonny Glick; Marsh Tiney, The Miser and myself.

WE STAYED at The Miser's shack because he could cook. We called him The Miser because he had a head big enough for two brains and never used either one of them. Next to Chick Weely, he was the biggest man in town.

He was cooking *froice* the day we decided to blackball Chick and he had those Welsh pancakes piled as high as the first elbow in the stovepipe. Froice was his specialty. He had a way of mixing batter that would make them bake thin enough to see a lighted pit lamp through them. Then he stacked them in layers, with plenty of butter and jelly in between—and, man, were they good!

On a scantling, just above him, sat Black Damp, his pet owl, ogling him with tin-pan eyes and chattering to himself. The Miser had found him in No. 2's manway with a broken wing and brought him home to raise. He kept field mice out of the shack but, if you ask me, I much preferred the mice.

"The way I feel," said Corney Leeman, "I'd much rather get caught in a squeeze than tell Chick to keep his puss out of our growler. He's a good guy. Look at that time he carried me clear from the Deep Vein on his back, when I had my leg broken."

"Yeh, but he leveled on you up at the Blazin' Stump, didn't he?" put in his kid. "What about that?"

"Aw, that was just a fight," replied Corney—"and besides, you keep your trap out o' this."

"Sure," grinned the kid. "Pass the butter."

"Corney's right," mumbled Stump Hoeffler, through a mouth filled with froice. "It ain't like you was takin' picks on a mug who cribbed his cars with slate an' didn't pay his dues. Chick's square. The only thing I got against him, he don't wash his socks."

"You mean his wife don't wash 'em." The Miser slapped a flock of pancakes down on the plate and began to plaster them with jelly. "I saw her down at the company store, Saturday night, an' she looked like she never washed nothin'."

"We're not talking about women," I said sharply, and the boys agreed.

That was a failing of The Miser's, but he hadn't been a miner all his life. In coal camps, a married woman is never mentioned except with deference. I've seen men run out of town for doing nothing more than laughing at the way a woman walked or something else just as silly. Take Vance Hayden, for instance. A nicer man never lived—but he made the mistake of slapping his own wife in public, the time she got drunk and broke up the Red Men's picnic. Darn' fool couldn't wait till he got home. And what did they do? They kicked him out of a good entry job and gave him a wet place over at Shanning's. In two months he was down with pneumonia, and the day he died his wife committed suicide.

"I got an idea," said Miles Kelly. "We could sneak away an' rush the can. You know them scrub oaks over at—"

"Rot!" grunted Jake Tarmer. "Sneak away an' what would he say? Bad business, I call it. Let's tell him the truth an' let it go at that."

"Tell him what?" Clint Binden eyed Tarmer over his knife and fork.

"Tell him he's got a mustache an' nobody likes to drink out o' the same can with him."

"Sounds good. You goin' to tell him?"

Tarmer shifted uneasily in his chair. "Well, I could, but—but I figgered if we all—"

"Why don't we make him shave it?" The Miser came over and sat down at the table. He flopped a yard of pancakes on his plate and reached for the butter. "Tell him he's old-fashioned. Tell him it don't belong on a guy as handsome as he is. Tell him—"

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Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement

Marsh Tiney snorted an interruption. Up until now he had taken no part in the conversation. Marsh, if you've never seen him, is so thin his front view looks like a profile. They call him Can-Opener, back in Massillon, Ohio.

"One word about Chick's mustache to him an' we'd all be tradin' six-foot bits for what have you. He almost killed Dunk Beasley once for sayin' that it should have been plaited."

"You're talkin' like I was afraid of Chick Weely." The Miser tightened the muscles in his right arm and looked to us for approval. "I can lick Chick Weely the best day he ever lived."

There was an exchange of glances, but nobody spoke. We often had wondered what would happen if those two giants ever came to blows. Chick was about twelve years older, but age makes no difference to a miner until the day before he dies. The first time I ever met him he was lifting steers out of a wrecked cattle car without getting a sweat up.

But The Miser was no slouch either. His idea of fun might have been considered murder in some states, but in our camp it was catalogued with horseshoe pitching and yoss. On pay nights, he used to let us whack him across the belly with a car sprag while he downed a schooner of beer. And I've yet to see him spill a drop.

"You keep your fish face out o' this," said Marsh, pointing a bony finger at The Miser. "This is somethin' that is goin' to take brains to figger out. We got to make him dissatisfied, or somethin' like that—an' then he'll get disgusted an' won't come around the shack no more. If we can do that we got the situation licked."

THEN everybody started to make suggestions, but none of them seemed practical once they got out in the open. The Miser took no part in this; he just sat and ate froice. Finally he started laughing.

"I got an idea," he said. "Down at Jackson Hill we used to play a game called Pullin' the Cat. Ever hear of it?" None of us had, so he continued, "Well, it works like this: We get arguin' about who can pull a cat across the mud flat an' we argue like that till the sucker takes the hook an' asks us if we mean just an ordinary house cat. Then we say, 'That's what we mean—just a plain, ordinary house cat.' Then he says, 'You mean you don't think a man can pull an ordinary house cat across the mud flat on a rope?' An' we say, 'That's exactly what we mean—there ain't no man livin' who can pull an ordinary house cat across the mud flat on a rope.' Now if he's smart, he'll bet you he can—an' that's where the fun begins."

"Don't sound very funny to me," said Clint, yawning. "I'll bet you I can—" He stopped suddenly and threw a suspicious glance at The Miser. The latter leaned back in his chair and howled. Black Damp, the owl, hooted an accompaniment while we just sat there and looked at each other blankly.

"There's where the trick comes in," gasps The Miser, between laughs. "He sees me tie the rope on the cat but what he don't see is you guys waitin' in the brush with another rope to hook on when he turns to pull. Now you get the idea?"

We laughed for ten minutes—five at the gag and five at Marsh Tiney, who always rattles when he busts loose. Then Leeman's kid broke it up. He was standing in the doorway and high-signed us that Chick was coming. I looked out the window and saw him skirting the lush grass along the edge of the swamp. He was dressed in his Sunday clothes and singing the only song he knew:

"From Chicago to Weehawken,
That's the road, there's no use talkin'.
On my back a crumb is walkin',
I'm the Pennsylvania tramp!"

A STRAW hat was sticking to the back of his head and his unpressed pants were bulging at the knees. Sort of gave you the feeling that he was doing back bends for no particular reason. He walked into the shack carrying a sack of paw-paws in one hand and a jar of stuffed mangoes in the other. Some of the mango juice had trickled out of the jar and traced a colored pattern down the length of his right pants leg.

"My daughter's back from Normal School," he said, explaining the Sunday clothes. "Made the best grades of 'em all an' won a debate on, 'Resolved, that Indiana corn is a hardier product than—' "

"Hey! You're spillin' them mangoes!" exclaimed The Miser, yanking the jar out of Chick's hand and carrying it over to the kitchen cabinet.

"The wife stuffed 'em," grinned Chick. "Here's some paw-paws I picked on the way. . . . The professor said my daughter was the nicest dressed girl in school an'—"

"You mean that towhead we seen bustin' hornets with a shingle the day you an' me stole the mule straw out of the company barn?" The Miser licked mango juice from the back of his hand as he talked. The shack suddenly became uncomfortably close. Marsh Tiney and Corney Leeman pawed around the table, looking for imaginary squeaks; Stump Hoeffler rolled up tiny balls of bread and shot them at the owl with his thumb. I was for getting out of there but a growing chuckle from Chick dismissed the idea. I sneaked a glance at him and saw his mustache bulging like the fringe on our local union parade banner.

"That was months ago. You ought to see her now," grinned Chick. "She's got high heels now an' she looks the growed-up lady."

"I'll say she does," said Sonny Glick, glaring at The Miser. "There ain't a girl around these parts that can touch her."

THIS brought a chuckle from everybody because we knew that Sonny had been sweet on Chick's daughter ever since they went to common school together. Sonny hastened to add, embarrassedly, "What I mean is, I think she's real pretty."

"Anything's pretty when you come up out of a mine," The Miser said sourly. "I used to even like to look at a mule."

"You certainly believe in stickin' to your own society," growled Sonny, and walked out of the shack.

"I can whup him with one punch," said The Miser, and then returned to his attack on Chick. "They tell me your daughter can't sing a lick. Is that right?"

Corney Leeman leaned over and smacked his kid on the ear. "What you hangin' around here for? Didn't I tell you to go home to your ma?"

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What's TAMMANY to YOU?

You wouldn't sleep comfortably if you knew there was a plague spot in this country from which infection flowed out, unchecked, in all directions. In self-defense you would do anything you could to check the epidemic.

The force of example travels faster than germs.

So long as Tammany Hall exists as a pattern of municipal corruption, no community is safe from its influence.

Wherever you live Tammany is your affair. Until it is crushed, the little Tammanies of other cities will grow.

Your tax bills will be swollen by official greed and incompetence.

You will be victimized by official thievery.

You will have no sure protection against gangsters, extortionists and grafters.

Life and business will be hazardous because officials are untrustworthy.

"You didn't tell me nothin'!" yelled the kid, but he left there just the same. I managed to break a couple of plates in my nervous excitement and The Miser came over to help me pick up the pieces.

"Cut it out!" I hissed in his ear. "You'll have him down on us like—"

A deprecating gesture from The Miser. "I always do the cat gag that way," he whispered. "Get 'em riled up, then they bite easy." He carried several of the broken pieces across the room and threw them out the window. "'Course I jus' heard she couldn't sing," he said to Chick. "You know how people talk."

"TELL you the truth, Miser," replied Chick, "she can't sing for sour apples. Ol' woman insists on givin' her lessons, though. Seems like every time I got a full two weeks' pay I had to toss it to that Welsh teacher of hers. An' what do I get for it? Every night she's home she sits around in the kitchen squawkin' her head off. She calls it 'runnin' the range.' I say to her, 'There's a range in the kitchen that you better learn to run.'" Chick sifted a laugh through his crop of weeds, then sat down at the table and speared a dozen or more pancakes.

The Miser showed his disappointment. He was having a hard time getting under Chick's skin. Despite frantic pantomiming from us, he started on another line:

"The beer truck's up in front of Kligg's place; I jus' seen it through the window. Kligg'll probably have a nice, fresh keg on tap by now, I bet." Chick had a mouthful of pancakes and made no attempt to answer. "It'll be nice an' fresh—an' cold, too. But suppose it is nice an' fresh an' cold—who's goin' to pay for it?"

"I am," replied Chick, gulping down the last bite. Two fingers dug down into his vest pocket and came up with a dime. "I got five of these," he grinned. "Funny how I got 'em, too—the ol' woman hid her pocketbook under the mattress but she put it in upside down an' the dimes fell through the springs while I was sittin' on the edge of the bed tyin' my shoes. If Tarmer here'll take the bucket—"

"Tarmer ain't goin' to take no bucket," broke in The Miser quickly, a look of desperation in his eyes.

"Ain't goin' to take no bucket—why?" Chick shifted around in his chair and looked up at The Miser.

"Nobody's goin' to take no bucket that says you're a liar."

"He says I'm a liar?" Chick's jaw tightened as he glared at the suddenly embarrassed Tarmer.

"Naw—he says I'm a liar," replied The Miser.

"You're a liar? Why?"

"Because I say a man can't pull a cat across a mud flat."

"Can't pull a cat across a mud flat?" Chick looked at us and then back at The Miser.

"Yes, a cat." The Miser started gathering up dirty dishes, his back to Chick. His shoulders seemed to be a little nervous.

"A cat," mused Chick. "Hm-m! . . . You mean a ordinary house cat?"

"Yes," said The Miser, "a plain, ordinary house cat."

Chick squared his shoulders challengingly.

"For how much you say I can't pull a ordinary house cat across a mud flat?"

"For five dimes, I say it."

Chick's mustache shot out horizontally. The shack shook with his laughter and Black Damp, the owl, rattled his wings and flew back into a dark corner.

WE PICKED out a place just this side of the old slough. It was about seven rail lengths wide and spotted with sulphur water that came down from the mines. There was a good foot of mud any place you stepped—black, sticky mud. Appropriately, a heavy growth of cat-tails fringed one side, making a perfect hiding place for ten coal heavers that I had rounded up down at the blocks. Our gang was out where Chick could see them; we figured it was best that way, so he wouldn't get suspicious.

Chick watched us tie one end of the rope on the house cat and then he walked over to the other bank, laughing to himself. During which time the second rope was attached, without his seeing it—and then the fun began. The boys let him take about four steps and tightened up. The surprised Chick grunted once or twice and then settled down in earnest. Which was just too bad for him. The ten men put their shoulders to it and started galloping through the cat-tails. Chick let go of the rope and sat down in mud.

When he got the muck out of his eyes, the house cat was rubbing against him, contentedly. He stared at it stupidly for a moment, then looked at us.

"A ordinary house cat," he mumbled. "Jus' a plain, common, ordinary house cat." His bewildered eyes sought The Miser's. "It ain't possible."

We howled. In the midst of it, another cat pounced in on us in the shape of Chick's daughter. Man, was she mad! She stood flatfooted between Chick and us and let loose a flock of words big enough for a girl twice her size. I didn't understand half what she said but I can tell you that she was the prettiest thing I ever saw. Her angry eyes centered on The Miser.

"So you're from Jackson Hill, where they know all kinds of tricks! If I were a man I'd—"

"Now see here, daughter!" exclaimed Chick, pulling himself to his feet. "I went into this with my eyes open—"

"And finished with them full of mud," broke in the girl, angrily. "Now you tear yourself for home. Mom's over to Appleby's and if you hurry you can get that outfit off before she sees it. Heaven help you if she does."

"But it was on the level," protested Chick. "I saw him tie the cat and—"

"Then what are those ten men doing, lying on their backs in the cat-tails and howling to high heaven? And why have they got a rope? Oh, you make me sick!"

Chick parted the cat-tails and saw the men lying there. A ludicrous expression slowly overspread his face. He began to howl with laughter.

"All right, daughter," he gasped, "I'm a fool. I'm a sucker. I'm a thick-brained nitwit." He turned and walked away between the two rows of sycamores, chuckling at every step. "A plain, ordinary house cat! A plain, ordinary house cat! . . ."

The girl glared at each of us in turn and attempted to follow him. The Miser blocked her path. During the entire scene he had been watching her much in the manner of a big-headed sheep dog that cocks its head this way and that when something interests it.

"I'd like to explain somethin' to you," he said. "If you been talkin' to Sonny Glick an' he told you that we didn't like your ol' man's mustache, he's a cock-eyed liar."

"I'd believe him before I'd believe you!"

She turned and ran down the path after her father. The Miser looked after her and grinned. Then he turned.

"What's her first name?" he asked. I stared at him—and his face became as red as the vanishing sun.

The strike was declared off the following Thursday. Sonny Glick and I

(Continued on page 34)

On November seventh New York will have the greatest opportunity in years to break the power of Tammany.

IF YOU HAVE A VOTE, CAST IT AGAINST TAMMANY. IF NOT, WRITE OR WIRE SOME FRIEND, RELATIVE OR ACQUAINTANCE WHO HAS A VOTE IN NEW YORK CITY. SAY THAT

TAMMANY MUST GO!

DO IT IN SELF-DEFENSE

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Fur Bearings

By Marie Beynon Ray

Photographed for Collier's by Lee Miller

Fur experts are made, not born—with years of experience in the making. So go to an expert when you feel the buying urge coming on. But there are a few simple rules of fur-buying that you'll want to know and can learn in little time. Here they are—plus the latest fashion notes

EVERY woman wants a fur coat. But we hope you don't insist upon chinchilla, for if your fancy turns in that direction, statistics are against you. Not eight women in America achieve a chinchilla coat per annum. Furriers date events from the year they sold their last chinchilla wrap.

It's the darndest animal, this delicately furred rodent whose tiny hide has sold as high as $400 (it sometimes takes 160 skins to make a coat), for not only is it so exclusive as to live only in Bolivia, Peru and Chile, but even then it must live at an altitude of from 7,000 to 12,000 feet to be the real thing. If it lives below 7,000 feet it instantly becomes mere chinchillona, and if it is so witless as to enjoy a climate of 5,000 feet or less, it gets itself called bad names by the fur trade—"bastard chinchilla," to be exact.

Perhaps you think you might worry along with sable. Even so, you'd have to be a couple of movie stars, for in the whole country only twenty to thirty sable coats are sold a year. Even if you aspire only to Hudson Bay sable (American marten) you'd be among the one hundred women a year who can indulge this little whim.

But let's pull ourselves together. Sable and chinchilla are not for us—but what about mink, caracul, Hudson seal, yea, even the lowly rabbit? Despise not the rabbit, for by United States government test rabbit ranks as the warmest of all furs—and rabbit under any one of its eighty-six names is just as warm. Call it coney, call it lapin, call it French sable, it rubs elbows nightly with ermine from Paris to Hollywood. Under various helpful aliases, side-stepping our prejudices, many a humble quadruped keeps us warm and even socially prominent. Pony sometimes gets itself called caracul; muskrat plucked and dyed is admittedly Hudson seal; skunk has achieved the glorious appellation of Alaska sable; lamb is frequently metamorphosed into American broadtail; genet is polite for black cat, galyak for flat lamb, near seal for rabbit, and so on. Which is fair enough if they tell us —we don't mind saying it's caracul.

Blended mink is swell—a great improvement on the inferior natural grades with their too reddish or too yellowish cast; and with only $1,200 to spend we'd be stark mad not to take advantage of the dyer's art—only we want to be told that it's blended so we won't be startled out of our few poor wits when it slowly turns back to its natural color.

There are a few simple rules of fur-buying which any woman can learn if she'll give a little time to it—not armchair time, painlessly imbibing it from the printed page, but diligently feeling, sniffing, rubbing, peering, until she can distinguish the real from the "near," the dyed from the undyed, the blended from the falsely glazed, the "pointed" from the natural, etc. But never get the idea that you can outsmart the experts.

Reputable furriers, like reputable jewelers, prefer that the buyer know what she's buying, and are glad to help educate her.

A gentleman who's traveled all the longitudes and most of the latitudes buying furs sat down to educate me the other day. In a bluish light suggestive of the polar half-light playing over endless snows, he laid before me pelt after pelt of rich sable, crystalline ermine, silvery fox, blowing into the deep pelage, caressing the silky hair, shaking the shimmering hides.

"Dye is dangerous," he explained. "Unless a skin has been expertly dyed it will split. Take the hide in your hands, stretch it gently—so. If it stretches as soft as your own skin, all is well. But if it emits the tiniest crick-crack or feels as if it might rip—beware. Just now it may be reënforced, but one day it'll open up.

Telling Fox from Fox

"How to tell blended from natural—that's not easy. Blow down into it—like this. You see? This is a natural skin. Now watch this—a blended mink. I blow, parting the fur—and you see?

The blending shows—to my eye. A natural fur shades gradually from the lighter color of the under fur to the darker top fur, while a blended fur, only the top being touched with dye, will show a slight line of demarcation where nature left off and art began. Still—it takes an eye!

"False glazing is a trickier business. All furs must be glazed—supposedly with pure water. But of late certain double-crossing dealers have concocted various glazes, the least harmful ingredient in which is charcoal, to make the fur a full shade or two darker—but the insidious stuff wears off in a few months, and then where are you? But do this—"

He flipped a handkerchief from his pocket, rubbed it vigorously over the pelt, showed me. White as snow.

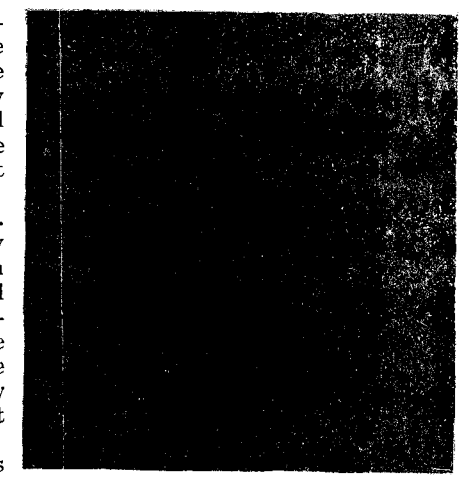
"Sorry I haven't one of those lying pelts to show you," he said. "Wouldn't have one on the premises. But if this fur had been falsely glazed, some of the black stuff would have come off."

He plunged into a closet.

"Now here are two silver foxes—the genuine not so good as might be, the imitation perfect. I lay you a fiver that, as I switch them about, you can't tell the real from the false—even that you'll prefer the imitation. It's prettier. How tell them apart? The imitation, which may be of cross fox, Arctic fox, red fox, must be dyed. There's the blackish hide to betray it. Secondly, badger hairs must be glued in to silver it. See if these silver hairs spring from the pelt or are glued on. Thirdly, the genuine silver fox has a white tip to its tail—and so the imitation must have a false white tip attached by a cord. Find the cord. There—do you feel it? That's the way to tell.

Fashion Notes

"Do you know, furs are rated according to the same standards as gems—by their rarity, beauty, durability? Rarity is what makes the sea otter and chinchilla run to fantastic prices—they're almost extinct. In sables, only twenty out of two thousand skins will be of the



perfect quality for a fine wrap. When it comes to sheer beauty, just as there are four precious stones, so there are four precious pelts—sea otter, chinchilla, sable and silver fox—which far outrank all the others. If you want an idea of the wearing qualities of furs, here—look at this—" He scribbled a few names. "They'd rank about in this order—with proper care, of course:

"Sea otter first, Alaska seal and raccoon about at the top, too, then beaver, sable, mink, Hudson seal, Persian lamb, caracul, ermine, chinchilla, rabbit.

"But remember that dyeing or blending or plucking or silvering or otherwise tampering with a fur reduces its durability many points.

"And finally, in the costliness of furs, comes the labor.

"Take mink. Every skin in a good mink coat is cut into thin slivers and sewed together again in such a way as to make a skin that was originally, say, ten inches long by four wide into one twenty-four inches long by one and two-thirds inches wide—still forty square inches of mink but now in a long, slender, beautifully marked strip instead of a short, ugly one. These slivers are one eighth of an inch wide and there are maybe forty-four to a skin—twenty-two on each side of the medial line. In a coat of one hundred skins, that's 4,400 strips to be cut and sewed. It takes a man three weeks just to *cut* those skins."

And we haven't even mentioned fashion yet! If you know of any one thing

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She flew out and made eyes at his outboard motor

Our farmers have suffered much

Game was a nuisance, once

Unhappy Hunting Grounds

By W. B. Courtney

State legislatures spend over one third of their time in discussing and enacting game laws. And yet our wild life continues to diminish. Why? Until recently nobody knew, definitely. Now science has given the answer: We have overlooked the real enemies of wild life in our mad scramble to protect it from the hunter, who is most interested in preserving it. Our furred and feathered friends demand a new deal, somewhat as follows

Drawings by William Steig

Slaves in Maryland struck against a diet of quail

UP CURRENT, toward a bend hidden in the cottonwoods, a steam paddle boat skittered thinly on the Missouri River one afternoon many years ago. The day was cloudless, in the brazen prairie manner; but above the trees ahead wavered a bronze curtain of dust and the air was vibrant with a strange thundering that brought passengers to the forward rails. In the pilot house the captain swore and ordered his mate to "pass the word to git ready to tie onter the bank," and then he beckoned to a young deck hand: "Son, fotch my rifle!"

Some among the travelers, proclaimed hardened veterans of the wild western country by their rude clothing and speech, hefted their rifles and spat tobacco juice into the agitated yellow flood. Others, tenderfeet, were alarmed by the ominous and unaccountable portents and by the warlike preparations. One, an Easterner of professional and social prominence, sidled to the captain's window: "Indians?" he asked timidly.

"Naw!" said the captain. "Lookit!"

The boat was swinging round the curve now and the passenger stared. The summer haze conjured a wondrous illusion which he was never to forget to his last day of life. It was as though two great rivers, in violation of all physical reason and law, poured together but did not join direction: surged one across the other in a contention of foam and spray and dust without either losing its identity. One was the color of dirty straw and drew a broken line from his feet to the skyline. The other was black and fearfully swift and deafening.

"Damn' buffaloes!" The captain had to put his lips down to the passenger's ear and shout, and he broke the spell so that the tenderfoot saw the phenomenon for what it was. A column of bison fording the shoal Missouri—countless, a mile in width, flowing from horizon to horizon as an endless tape might be slipped around a miniature globe. Infinity on the gallop. The herd ran in mass formation, noses to flanks; cows and calves inside, great shaggy bulls on the flanks. This was the regular order for protection against wolf and coyote attacks. It was no protection against the fusillade that now spat from the packet's deck.

It was, of course, impossible to steam through the herd. The crew worked the boat close to shore and roped it to cottonwoods a hundred yards from the near edge of the buffalo stream. At first those passengers who had rifles fired into the herd as rapidly as they could; later, arm-weary, they lent their weapons to the gaping tenderfeet and laughed at their ineptnesses. Everyone yelled with excitement. Most of the shot bison rolled away in the river, but some scrambled to the bank and died there. It was two hours before the great sport ended and the tail guard of the column passed.

Dangers of being trampled over, men jumped ashore and ran to cut out the tongues of the handiest buffaloes. These delicacies would make a supper feast. All else wasted—scores of huge carcasses scattered to the rise over which the herd disappeared: hundreds more swept away in the stream. It was late afternoon when the boat resumed way.

"The Country is One Robe"

Buffalo weren't a novelty to the tenderfoot. There had not been a daylight hour since he left the Mississippi that herds were not in sight. This was the most impressive, however. He sought the captain's estimate. "Gosh," said the captain, "a million, I reckon. No, 'tain't outen the ordinary. I've been held up before. 'Tain't nothin' for trains to be held up two or three hours, either, by herds crossin' the trails. I heard tell that last week two Atchison Pacific trains was thrown off the tracks and overturned by herds. When they git to runnin', you know, they just go straight forward, come hell or high water. I reckon there's as many buffalo as grass blades on these prairies. An old Blackfoot chief I know says 'the country is one robe.' But in my day I seen a change. There ain't as many buffalo as there used to be. The railroads and shootin' is cuttin' them down fast!"

The educated tenderfoot's brain still reeled from the sight of unbelievable numbers. He laughed heartily. "That's silly, Captain," he said. "Impossible. These buffalo herds are too vast ever to diminish!"

Ten years after these sagacious words were spoken the same man, or you or anyone else, might have traveled by steamer all the way from Kansas City to Great Falls, Montana; by train from the East to the Pacific; on horseback to all except perhaps the remotest prairie corners, without sighting a single herd. In 1865, just at the close of the Civil War, buffalo roamed the country west of the Mississippi in hosts beyond understanding. Just after the close of the Spanish War there were 34 wild buffalo in the United States. This, nothing else, degraded the North American Indian from a free and valiant man into a public charge; for the buffalo was his all—food, shelter, fuel and raiment.

The Conservationists' War Cry

The foregoing picture of an afternoon on the Missouri River in the seventies is true; and you can find plenty of others like it in contemporary literature of our western frontier. For thirty years or more, now, these pictures have been spread before us by sentimental advocates of wild life conservation as evidence that the extermination of the North American bison was due wholly and solely to shooting. Every time questions of new restrictive hunting laws have arisen legislators have been bulldozed by alarming shouts of "Look what happened to our buffalo!" This has been the potent war cry of the conservationists; their most efficient club. There is, however, subtle dishonesty involved in the presentation of such buffalo-shooting pictures without qualification. They do not reveal the whole truth; all the facts. There is, moreover, danger in such pictures to genuine restoration of our wild life because they are prone to set the American public tilting quixotically at minor causes; while the major reasons for the diminution of game and game birds go unfought. The

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Conspiracy

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

SEATED in Paul Lanson's restaurant in Paris, Doyle Evans, of the American Embassy, witnesses the killing of Big Mike Pelletiere, a racketeer. With Big Mike, when he dies, is a beautiful girl. Evans never forgets her.

In New York, two years later, Phyllis Benedict—the famous Phyllis Benedict, who, kidnapped when a child, had been found recently by her wealthy father working as "Minnie Ganston" for one Johnson Fay, an importer—goes to a bazaar. Evans is there; he meets her. And he recognizes her at once. She is the girl who had been with Big Mike at Lanson's! . . . That night a girl (Lisa Gundstrom) calls on Evans. She informs him (he knows he has never seen her before) that she is the girl he had seen at Lanson's. She leaves. A man joins her. *Johnson Fay.* "He swallowed it," she says. "Benedict's eighty million dollars are in the bag!"

But Evans knows the girl has lied. He knows, also, that he loves Phyllis Benedict. . . . Paul Lanson comes to New York. Likewise, Jean Degas, a French detective, whom Evans has known for years. . . . A series of exciting and tragic events, beginning with the murder of Lanson, convinces Evans that he is in peril. Some nefarious plot, he feels sure, is afoot; and Phyllis Benedict, he strongly suspects, is deeply involved in it.

His suspicions, it appears, are justified: "Phyllis Benedict" is not old Jason Benedict's daughter; she is an impostor. Used by Johnson Fay (master mind of a group of criminals who hope to gain control of Benedict's vast fortune), she is obeying his orders. Of late, however, she has shown signs of wavering. And to Fay's consternation, Lisa Gundstrom seems weakening. . . . Desperately in love, Evans, ignoring the evidence against Phyllis, asks her to marry him; and she tells him she will. Later, he goes to Degas' hotel. The Frenchman, he is informed, has had a serious "accident," has been removed to a hospital. Then—a few hours later—Lisa Gundstrom "commits suicide!"

Phyllis and Fay in the beautiful Benedict mansion discuss the situation. "Doyle Evans," she says, "will be here in a minute. I love him. I've promised to marry him. I'm going to tell him the truth." Fay grins. "Okay, baby," he replies. "But if you squeal, we'll have to bump him off. When he comes, I'll be listening in the next room. Tell him you'll marry him. Right away. *If you don't*—" Evans is announced. Fay slips out. As he does so, Phyllis turns to greet the man she loves.

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

"A mean, lying impersonation is bad enough," he cried. "But murder!"

VII

EVANS had been rather proud all his life of a certain determination which he knew he possessed. Obstacles in his path made the path more delightful to him. A game that he mastered too easily held no pleasure for him. He liked difficulties. One of the reasons that the diplomatic service had attracted him was the fact that advancement was not too easy. When people sometimes termed him stubborn the adjective flattered him, because he took it as a tribute to his firmness of character. Slow to make up his mind, that mind was unswerving when it had arrived at an opinion.

So he thought of himself. And now as he wandered over to Central Park and sat down upon a bench, he marveled at his slight acquaintance with himself.

For he was weak as water, unstable of will as the monkeys chattering in the zoo a hundred yards away. A pair of arms, a luscious mouth—and where was his vaunted firmness of character? He blew hot one moment and cold the next and in between was lukewarm. One moment Phyllis Benedict was a vile impostor, engaged in activities whose range included brutal murder; the next second she was the most divine creature in the world.

Over and over again he had reviewed the circumstances and each review convinced him that she was incredibly evil. Yet he would dismiss this certainty by a remembrance of her beauty, her charm, and—today—with recollection of her whispered endearments, her exciting embrace.

A kiss against the murdered Paul; an embrace against the pathetic Lisa Gundstrom; his own desire to touch those lips again against the threat that hovered over Degas.

These were the things tossed into the scales against each other, and he knew in his saner moments that death and the threat of death overbalanced the desires of his heart and the cravings of his flesh. Yet the saner moments were all too brief. The moments in which he saw her clearly for the person she was were overclouded by the ensuing moments in which he was conscious only that he loved her.

He had been in love before. Lucy Carnehan for years had reigned in his heart. Had he been told during the reign of Lucy that his love for her could die, he would have dismissed the statement with the laugh it rated. But the last few days had given him a measure of self-understanding. Lucy had held his heart as much through habit as anything else. That same stubbornness of which he was so proud had made him regard Lucy as the one woman; the

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The Man without Nerves

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Story Thus Far:

SAM JESSON of Sandywayes, Sussex, is *found dead—a suicide. To his friends*—Lord Milhaven, Andrew Cresset, Timothy Sarson, Roland Martin and others—the statement of his banker, James Huitt, is sufficient explanation. Jesson (Huitt says) had lost his money. One man, however, *has his doubts: young* "Mr. Tyssen," a stranger in the village, who believes that Jesson was murdered. Strange events follow Tyssen's appearance.

Returning from a dance, late at night, Timothy Sarson's son, Anthony, and Andrew Cresset's daughter, Sybil, encounter a ruffian, who, drawing a revolver, orders them to move on. They obey. But, aware that the beautiful Madame de Sayal (a recluse) lives near the scene of the trouble, Anthony returns, warns her that she may be in peril. As he leaves her bungalow he becomes mysteriously unconscious. Coming to, he finds himself again in the bungalow, which he presently leaves; not, however, until he has promised to say nothing of his adventure.

That same night—following a dinner with Lord Milhaven and James Huitt—Sir Julian Bott, a noted financier, is murdered near the de Sayal bungalow. And Anthony is suspected. . . . In his London office James Huitt has a caller: Timothy Sarson, who complains that his balance, as reported by the bank, is far smaller than it should be. Huitt leaves the room—and Sarson sees, on the banker's desk, a photograph of Madame de Sayal, *whom Huitt is not supposed to know!* Presently, Huitt returns. "Our error, Sarson," he says. "Your balance is well over 29,000 pounds."

Playing the rôle of amateur sleuth, Tyssen calls on Huitt many times, asks him innumerable questions. Once, at night in Huitt's home, Huitt interrupts the conversation and insists on turning on the radio. A weather report is broadcast. It leaves the banker strangely perturbed. Making his departure, Tyssen phones London, demands authoritatively all possible data concerning the man who had made that broadcast. He is informed that the man is a "Major Flower," whose record is a shady one. Whereupon (having been shot in the leg and refusing to tell anyone how it happened) he goes to London, meets Flower at a bar, bribes him. The man then informs him that he changes the wording of his weather reports in accordance with orders from Lord Milhaven, apparently as a signal to someone. "Don't try to fight Milhaven," he whispers. "He's one of the most dangerous men on earth!"

IX

SIR CHARLES TEMPERLEY, the famous lawyer, and Timothy Sarson were left alone at the table at "The Haven" over their after-luncheon port. Pauline had wandered off at the familiar signal, and Anthony had gone over to Godalming to play golf. Timothy Sarson, spending a day at his country home, was dressed in tweeds without his customary formality. Before his guest he held himself with his usual dignity, but he seemed to have aged within the last fortnight.

"I am glad," Sir Charles said, "to have had a talk with the young man, Sarson, but I am sorry to find him so obstinate."

"The whole situation," Timothy Sarson declared, "is intolerable. Anthony, my boy, has to go into the police station and ask permission of the sergeant to go six miles to play in a golf match, and the sergeant has to telephone to the police there to keep him under observation! It isn't as though Anthony were a loose-living lad. Just down from Oxford with a splendid record, an excellent degree, a famous athlete— Why, the whole affair is maddening!"

Sir Charles crossed his legs and sipped his wine.

"My dear Sarson," he pointed out, "you must remember that a great deal of this is the young man's own fault. An amazing murder is committed within a quarter of a mile of your own house and within thirty yards of the house of a very beautiful woman who is, at any rate, an acquaintance of your boy's. He spends the night God knows where—the night of the murder, I mean—comes back in his dress clothes at midday with a most improbable story, and becomes an object of marked suspicion to the police. From the point of view of the man in the street he is, without a doubt, the probable killer of Sir Julian Bott. But for his excellent character and one small missing link in the evidence he would be awaiting trial now."

"What do you mean by a missing link in the evidence?" Sarson demanded.

THE lawyer coughed. "Perhaps I ought not to have mentioned that," he admitted, "but you know I have been interesting myself in this matter because I consider myself a family friend."

"That's very good of you," Timothy Sarson declared gratefully.

"I have been to Scotland Yard," the lawyer continued, "and I have interviewed Penny, the man who has the case in hand. What keeps them from arresting Anthony is the fact that the weapon has not been found. Now, two of the loiterers outside, when your son arrived in a flustered state that morning, testified that they had seen the shape of a weapon of some sort or other in your son's jacket pocket, and Tom, the policeman, although he tried to go back upon it, thought he had seen the glint of metal. That is why your house has been searched. That is why the search for the weapon is still being continued. That is another reason, too, why your son is shadowed nearly all the time. The police want to find that revolver. If they find it anywhere in any place which your son frequents or has visited, Anthony is in for it. That is what I want to impress upon you, Sarson."

"I know nothing about the revolver," Sarson declared stolidly.

"I have questioned your son about it," Sir Charles went on. "He won't say a word. But, frankly, he gave me the impression that the revolver had been or was in his possession. You must see what you can do, Sarson. Remember, I've come over here in the middle of a busy day to talk to him and you must join with me in making him realize how serious this matter is. If he tells the truth at the last moment, even if it lets him out, it will never come with the same weight."

"He comes of obstinate stock," his father sighed grimly.

"But you must make him understand," the lawyer persisted, "that he is not treating his family or his friends fairly. The Crown is already hard at work collecting its evidence, and if they succeed in one more small point it will be pretty difficult for Anthony to commence his defense. About this

"Well, you take good care of my scraps of paper for me. Thirty thousand pounds' worth of them, you've got"

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woman now, the woman of the bungalow. Have you any idea as to her attitude? Is she disposed to be friendly towards your son? Or is she the sort of woman who would accept the chivalrous sacrifice of a lad to protect herself?"

"One might find out," Sarson muttered. "I have never spoken a word to her in my life. She visits nowhere and keeps aloof from everybody."

The lawyer glanced at his watch.

"I must catch this train back to town," he said. "I cannot say more about this matter than I have said. What I do want you to realize is the seriousness of it. You and Anthony must now act for yourselves."

"I will do what I can," Sarson promised.

THE lawyer returned to town, his conscience more at ease, although he had wasted half a day in the cause of friendship. Timothy Sarson accepted a carefully brushed hat from his servant, selected an ash stick and a pair of dogskin gloves and mounted the rough pathway which led to the Wilderness. There was no sign of life about the bungalow as he threaded his way through the pine trees. He tried the front door and found it locked. He walked boldly to the French windows. The room into which he looked showed signs of recent occupation but was empty. He stepped back and looked around him once more. Someone was coming at last. Winding her way in and out of the trees, Madame de Sayal, whose easel he could now see in the distance, was making her way towards him.

"What are you doing, hammering at my bungalow?" she asked, pleasantly enough, as soon as she got within speaking distance.

He took off his hat and greeted her with an old-fashioned bow.

"I was trying to find out whether you were at home," he replied.

"What do you want with me?"

"I want to ask you a few questions, Madame. Perhaps you can spare me some moments of your time."

Illustrated by George Howe

SHE raised her eyebrows, but her reply was courteous enough. Timothy Sarson was too much in earnest to care, but he realized her charm as well as her aloofness.

"My name is Sarson," he announced. "I live down in the Oasis there. It is my son who is suspected by the police of having murdered Julian Bott."

"That is very sad," she murmured.

He looked at her wonderingly. His ear had detected the faint satire in her tone.

"Yes, it is sad enough," he agreed. "It may be sad enough for others when the truth comes out! I am the lad's father, and I am seeking to discover the truth about that night. Don't you think, Madame, it is time that your story was told?"

"Why should I have a story?" she asked. "I read myself to sleep as usual. I heard nothing—not even the shot which killed poor Sir Julian."

"Is it true that my boy used to wander round your bungalow sometimes in the hope of getting a word with you?"

"How should I know?" she answered. "I did not come here to make acquaintances. I came here to paint. Read the art supplement of The Times this morning, or The Connoisseur last month, and you will find out what I am doing. I take no notice of the people who come and go."

"Was Sir Julian Bott an acquaintance of yours?"

SHE looked at him out of her wide-open beautiful eyes with their strange lights.

"My good man," she protested, "who gave you the right to question me about my friends?"

"There are others who will ask you if you don't answer me," he pointed out. "You know, I suppose, that if my son is charged you will be subpœnaed as a witness. You will have to go into the witness box."

"It will not distress me," she answered. "Concerning that night I have nothing to tell you or anybody else."

He felt suddenly helpless. A slow hatred of this woman was taking possession of him. He hated the beauty of her, the glassy imperturbability. This was the woman who might send his boy Tony to the gallows! He could imagine her doing it without a tremor. Was there no new way of approaching her? He felt his muscles stiffen. Women like her had been taken by the throat before now. Perhaps she saw the fire in his eyes, for she stepped a little backwards.

"I have nothing more to say to you," she told him. "I must return now to my painting or the light will have changed."

Dimly he began to wonder whether there was a complex about this business of murder in his family. Supposing Anthony really had killed the man who might have been coming to make stealthy love to this woman—killed him out of fierce jealousy. Hate is what he must have felt—hate slowly mastering his senses, numbing his fear, steeling his heart to any sense of pity. Well, he was feeling somewhat that way himself. Her beauty had no effect upon him. If it came to that he could kill her without a qualm. His tone changed. He was no longer half pleading, half expostulating. His voice had become more composed, colder but more poignant. His eyes had cleared. He met the woman's without shrinking and he seemed to swell in stature as he stood there.

"Madame," he said, "I make no further appeal to your heart, to your sympathies or to your sense of justice. I appeal instead solely to your instinct for living. If my son is put on trial I shall hear the evidence. I shall know what might have saved him. This is not a threat. These are plain, common-sense words. If my son is found guilty of the murder of Julian Bott, then I shall know who might have saved him and I shall kill you!"

She laughed cheerily. A very musical sound it was, ringing out upon the drowsy silence.

"Melodrama in the sunshine," she scoffed. "Really, Mr. Timothy Sarson, I am surprised at you."

He looked at her once before he turned away and left her. The laugh died away abruptly. She watched him descend the hill. It was some time before she returned to her neglected picture.

MR. JAMES HUITT, during that half-hour's pause which he usually allowed himself between dealing with the bank correspondence and interviewing clients, launched his thunderbolt upon the City of London. He asked for the town house of Lord Brent in Grosvenor Street, and as soon as he was connected spoke into the mouthpiece with his usual precise and formal distinctness.

"This," he announced, "is Mr. James Huitt speaking, manager of the Aldwych Branch of Barton's Bank. I should be glad, if possible, to have a word with Lord Brent."

"His lordship seldom speaks over the telephone," was the somewhat curt reply. "I am Hassall, his private secretary. You can give me any message."

"The matter," Mr. Huitt continued, "is too important to be dealt with in messages. I think that his lordship had best break his rule for once, Mr. Hassall. If you cannot induce him to speak to me I will telephone to Lord Milhaven, one of our directors, who will take over the business. In that case, however, there will be a certain measure of delay, which is inadvisable."

The secretary climbed down.

"Hold the line, if you please," he begged.

In a few moments a gruff and somewhat impatient voice was heard at the other end of the line.

"Brent speaking. I am told that you have something important to say to me, Mr. Huitt."

"I am afraid that it is not only important but very serious, your lordship," the bank manager confided. "I have just read your speech addressed to the shareholders of Freehold Lands, Limited, of which the late Sir Julian Bott was managing director."

"Well?"

"In reply to a shareholder who asked a question concerning the nature of the securities quoted among the assets of the company, you gave a list of foreign bearer bonds deposited, you said, at the

(Continued on page 45)

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Illustrated by George de Zayas

"Gone!" said Henry Pelley. "Gone! I sent her back to the clubhouse"

Too Much Wife

By Talbert Josselyn

A story that should be posted on the bulletin board of every golf club in these United States where there's a sweet young couple like the Pelleys

WHEN Arlene Pelley took up golf, she took it up in its most horrible form. Took it up, not as a feminine club-swinger in whose wake the divot-dug turf cried aloud, nor yet as one who stood on each green adding up the score while foursomes behind her, as one might say, cried alouder.

She took up golf as a non-player; as the chatty and loving fairway companion of her husband.

Arlene Pelley's golf consisted in walking around the course.

At first the awfulness of the thing did not enter the mind of husband Henry Pelley. Why should it? Henry Pelley was now in his early thirties, and his married life through these ten years had been spent in his electrical store—and in his experimental shop at the back of the store, where he worked out electrical gadgets—or at home with Arlene. In Arlene—slender and blond and called Babe when he first met her; no longer quite as slender but still blond and called Babe—in her, Henry Pelley, small and quiet and self-effacing, saw all that one could hope to see in fellow mortal, and took it for granted that the rest of the world saw the same—even on the golf course.

For ten years Henry's life had been the store, the shop and Babe. And then success came to one of his electrical gadgets, and he and Babe now had time for many, many things. Including golf.

Henry joined a country club, acquired a bag and a set of clubs and put himself in the hands of the pro.

And down at the practice tee stood Arlene, called Babe. Stood, and watched her husband being initiated into the mysteries of the Royal and Ancient Game . . . grip and stance and swing, eye fixed here and mind fixed there, and all the hundred other rites necessary for the whacking of a small white ball. She stood, she watched, and also spoke her mind.

"Henry, you should do it more as the professional says, and then you wouldn't hit the ball sideways. . . . I think we'll have beefsteak for supper. You'll certainly need it after swinging that stick so much and— Ooh, that was a fine high one, wasn't it? It went up and up. My, he'll get to be a regular professional golfer before you know it, won't he, Mr. McGlaspell?"

Professional McGlaspell, with growing contraction of brow, made bread-and-butter reply:

"He certainly will." And thereupon took up with golfer Henry Pelley the inadvisability of skying the ball, no matter how eye-filling its qualities might be.

"And I think we'll have a fruit salad with the steak," pursued Arlene.

Professional McGlaspell choked.

THE fruit salad and steak were had, and when the meal was finished, golfer Henry Pelley took a club, fixed his eye on the flower in the front-room rug, and started to go over the afternoon's lesson—and in the ensuing hour had absorbed enough of Arlene's corrective suggestions to take the pro two days to undo them, along with almost permanent loss of the pro's Scotch accent.

More than a little ahead of his time, golfer Henry Pelley was graduated from the practice fairway and sent out upon the course.

"It's this way," explained instructor McGlaspell, looking at golfer Pelley, and then for the thousandth time glancing at the Pelley helpmate who had brought the home right out onto the practice fairway, "I can't teach you anything more. You just go right out on the course and—" Instructor McGlaspell finished with indicating hands, then retreated to the sanctuary of his own room and four fingers of undiluted life-saver.

Henry Pelley and Arlene went out on the course. There the burden of their company was unsuspectingly assumed by Jake Winterburger, a dear, kindly old soul whose personal low for the course was a hundred and fifty, who didn't see very well, and who had an impediment in his speech. Old Jake stood it for three days, and then, with his score having neared the two hundred mark, he strove to enlighten golfer Henry Pelley upon a few primary golf facts during a moment when wifely companion Arlene had paused to garner a bouquet of wild flowers.

"Your . . . wife," said old Jake Winterburger. "Your . . . wife . . . she . . ." But here the aforementioned impediment of speech, amplified by emotion, took full control and the Winterburger voice got completely in the way of the Winterburger words.

Golfer Henry Pelley came helpfully to the rescue:

"Sure. I know, I know. She's just back there gathering a bouquet of wild flowers. We'll slow down and not get too far ahead of her. She'll be along soon and . . ."

She was, and calling out all about the flowers as she came; and she continued to talk about them, and other things, until the eighteenth green.

THE next afternoon, hawks couldn't have had better eyesight than old Jake Winterburger. He spotted the approaching Pelley car when it was still a long distance from the clubhouse, and he went into such strict hiding that search on the part of Henry Pelley, looking for a partner who, according to others, "was around here just a minute ago," was utterly of no avail.

The Pelleys played alone that afternoon. They played alone other afternoons.

They continued to play alone, save when, at long intervals, they came upon some holder of a guest card walking aimlessly up and down at the first tee and waiting for a game—that forlorn sort of guest-card holder whose play is so impossible that his host, after one round with him, finds other things to do.

These orphans of the course the Pelleys would take under their wing, and there would be much sparkle of happy conversation as the three set out down the first fairway—Henry and the other golfer and Arlene—and by the fifth hole the other golfer would be dry-mouthed from answering Arlene's homey little questions, and by the eighteenth he

(Continued on page 37)

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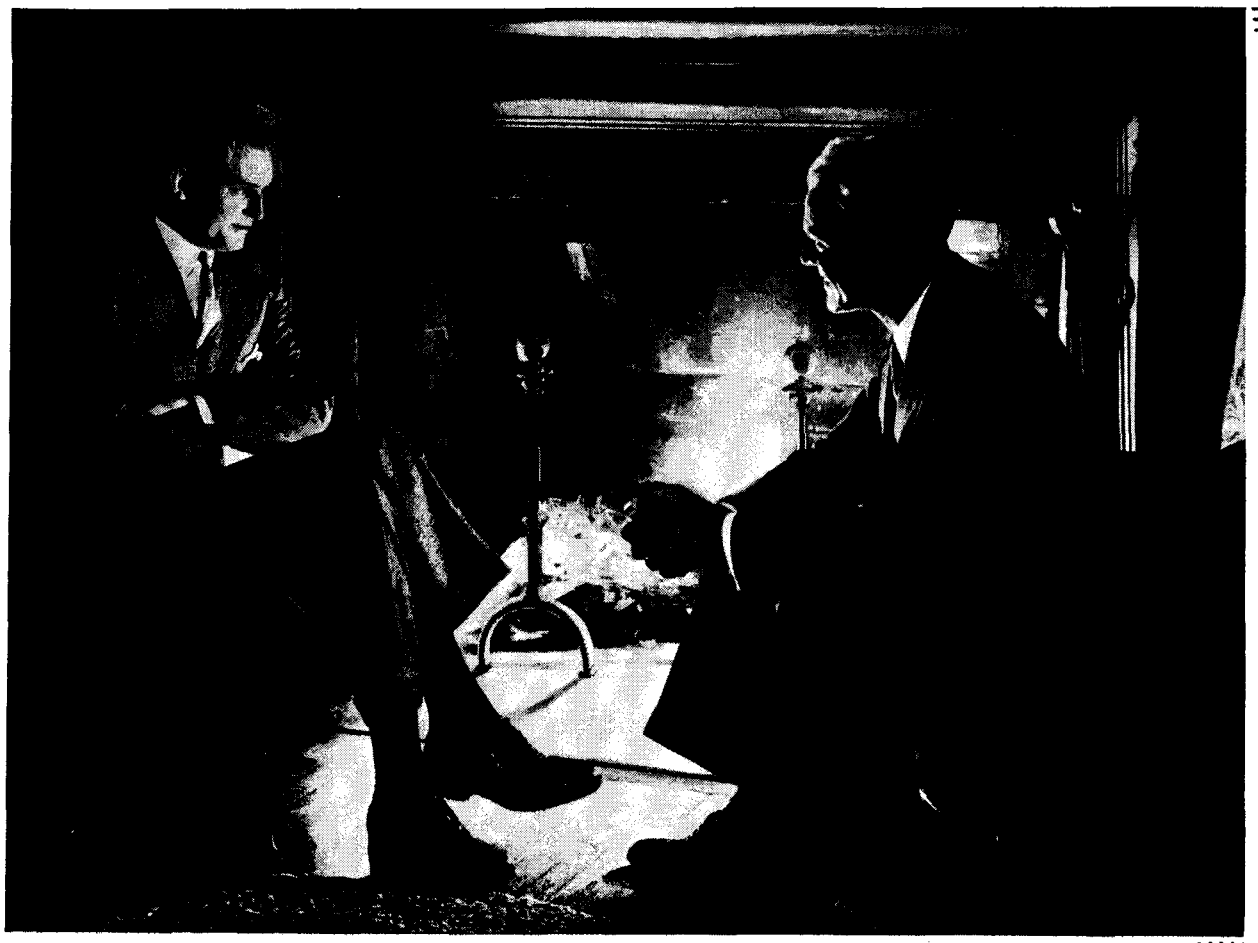

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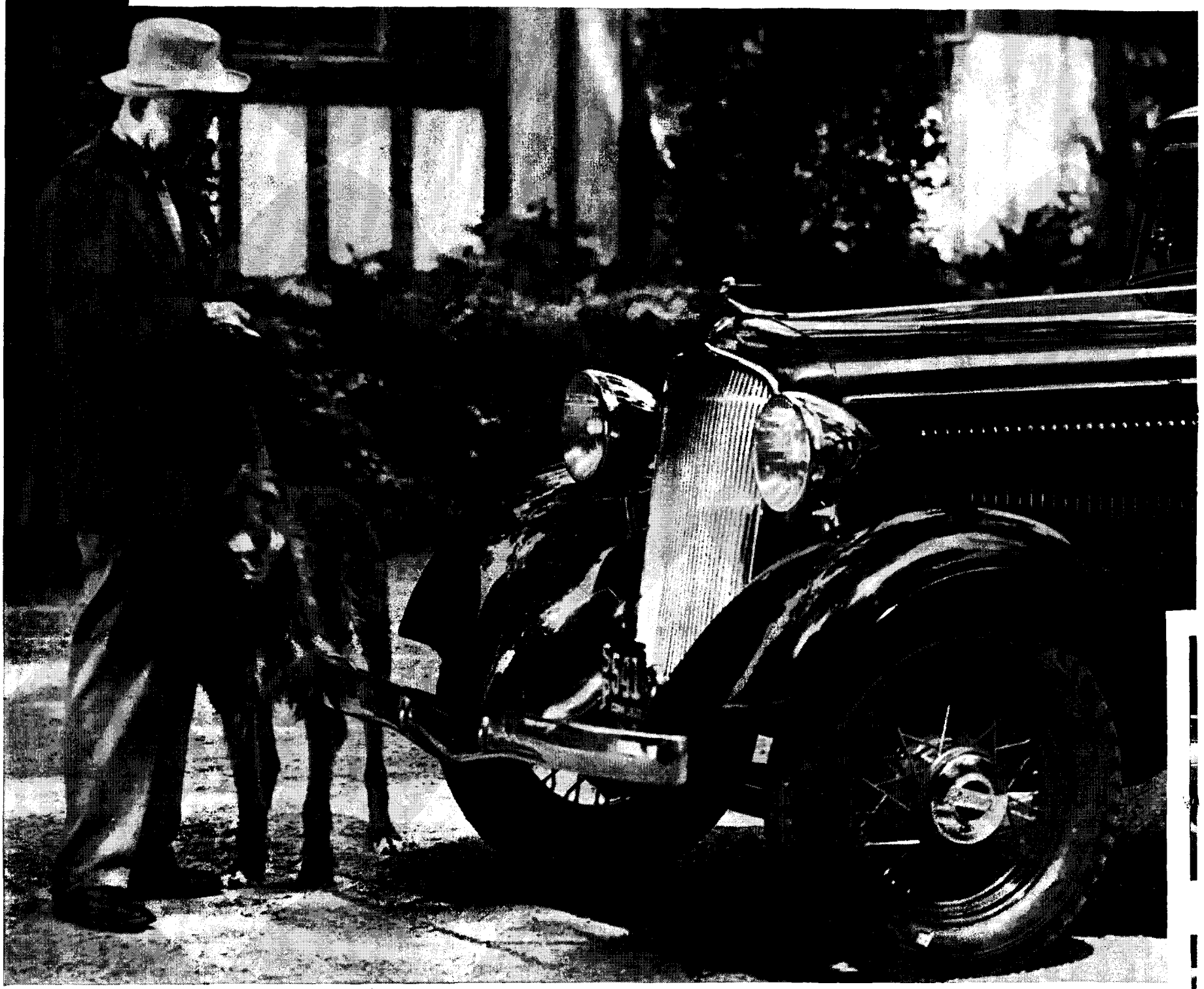
"We're a Two-ca

A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH JOHN ALDEN TH.



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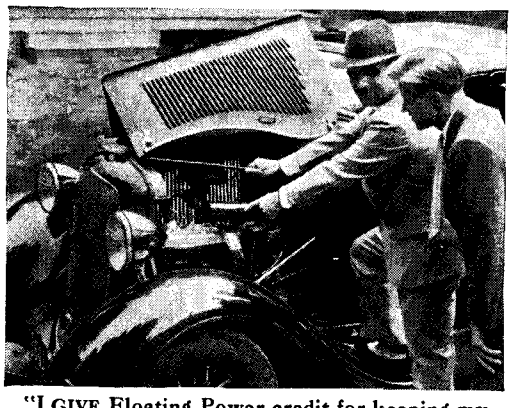

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Why don't you write?

How to build a Football Business

Continued from page 8

smaller college in order that he might come to Syracuse.

With a smile and an appropriate word of regret, he tore up the papers and wished Chick the best of luck.

Thus began a football saga that belongs in grand opera.

Meehan said once that he was "only a farmer" when he came to New York. He'd never lived in the big town nor had any particular truck with it. To tell the truth, he was awed by it and a little afraid of it when he came into town to sign the N. Y. U. contract.

They rushed him up on top of a building on Madison Avenue, a building that seemed to house the N. Y. U. publicity headquarters. Here he blinked a trifle uncertainly into a semi-circular battery of movie and newspaper cameras, while answering a needle-gun barrage of personal and athletic questions fired at him by a battalion of sports writers, including several of the most prominent syndicate shoguns whose words are printed all over America—and reprinted in more distant lands.

Starting from Scratch

It wasn't until he was on the train back to Syracuse that, like a beam of light, the thought suddenly dawned that such publicity could be made to have incalculable value. He resolved right then to make newspaper men and photographers his pals, and to make his team their team if he could.

His next trip down wasn't quite so happy. This occasion was a big banquet in the Hotel Roosevelt at which he, as guest of honor, was to be formally introduced to the N. Y. U. alumni and the other sports, political and literary figures of the town. The occasion was impressive enough and the dinner went off at full gallop, still there was a distinct pall over certain parts of the party that nobody said much about. The grand smash of the evening, along with the introduction of the new coach, was to have been the official announcement that the banks had agreed to lend the Athletic Association $70,000 for the improvement and modernization of Ohio Field. But that very afternoon the banks had decided they wouldn't!

Ohio Field was nothing but a rutted playground, little, if any, better than a public park. Its only concession to the customers was a ramshackle grandstand that had been transported from the old Berkeley Oval and which seated possibly 500 people.

Chick knew he didn't have any football material. He knew he had practically no public. And now came the stunning realization that he had no real accommodations for his athletes, and no proper place to show 'em if he had 'em. In brief, about all he had was a $10,000 contract with three years of life and a construction job as big as the Williamsburg Bridge.

No matter how he pondered it, he always came back to one inescapable fact: the coaching part of this assignment was merely incidental. It was almost the smallest incidental. The real job here was a building job.

There was something about this that made ambition hum deep inside him.

His first call was paid to the college authorities.

He told them that they'd have to do something about that field. He told them further that they'd have to let him have some scholarships. If they'd do that, he'd do the rest.

They said all right, and so it was arranged.

Their part was easy. It consisted of borrowing $45,000 to build a grandstand and a fence, and agreeing to guarantee free board, room, books and tuition, together with jobs that would provide a little spending money to such worthy young gentlemen as Mr. Meehan should recommend.

Both parties lived fully up to the agreement, but it was Mr. Meehan's half that makes the story.

He started at the bottom and grappled his problems in their order. First of all he needed some football players, some newer and more virile blood to infuse into that already available.

Loading himself into a road-battered car he made a personal tour of certain prep schools and high schools. Once arrived at these seats of secondary learning, he didn't call upon the coaches, all of whom he knew, but he presented himself to the principals and headmasters, most of whom he didn't.

He told these kindly gentlemen that he represented New York University, a splendid institution currently threatened with a sinister fate. Being located in New York so close to the foreign-born element and drawing its undergraduates almost exclusively from the great metropolitan sector, the school seriously needed outside undergraduate blood to combat the throttling evils of city psychology, the vile germs of Communism and other continental curses that came in with the New York City trade.

There must be, he reminded the principal, some deserving boy or boys in his school who merited a higher education but had no means of getting one unless somebody helped clean, loyal young Americans of debating ability, musical ability, perhaps athletic ability, some talent, at any rate, that would make for student leadership, and who, by their very examples, would sweeten the N. Y. U. undergraduate problem.

If the principal would recommend such boys to him within a reasonable length of time, Mr. Meehan said, he would present the recommendations to the university authorities and any boy accepted would be given free board, room, books and tuition and at the same time be guaranteed a light job that would provide his spending money.

On the Hunt for Football Men

After he left the principal's office, assured of that gentleman's earnest cooperation in this meritorious educational service, he'd seek out the football coach whom he knew and with whom he could get down to brass tacks.

"I've just sold the principal the idea of sending N. Y. U. some of his best boys on scholarships," he'd say. "For the love of Mike see that in that list of recommendations is ——," and Chick would tell him what boy he wanted, or ask him what halfbacks, tackles or ends he recommended.

I might pause long enough to say that here in cold type and plain English is an example of the high college crime of athletic recruiting, but I would like also to say that Mr. Meehan, although frankly trying to build himself a football team, was neither a liar nor more than fractionally a hypocrite. The problem he cited was a real one, not only at N. Y. U. but at every similar institution. N. Y. U. gives other students besides athletes scholarship aid. To Meehan's credit, it should be recorded that every boy but one who came to N. Y. U. on an athletic scholarship during the Meehan régime finished his full four years' course and was duly graduated with his class. Practically all other colleges used the athletic scholarship racket in one guise or another, deny it as they will, but few, if any of them, can match that particular record.

Chick lined up five lads to enter the following February. This was February, 1925, and the five prep and high school stars he corraled were: Jack Connor, from Cushing Academy; Bing Miller, from Syracuse High; Bob Dunn from Waterbury (Connecticut) High; Charles Vye from Medford (Massachusetts) High, and Jim Fay from one of the Boston high schools.

By entering these boys in February, having them finish the year and stay on through summer school taking emergency courses, they'd have a full year's collegiate credits before the next football season and therefore be eligible for varsity use.

With this much done, he went back to New York and began to survey the rest of the field.

Creating a Clientele

Next after a football team in the chronology of his needs, came a crowd to watch that football team play.

Mr. Meehan determined to make a personal survey of the great city's sports clientele, to see what, if anything, a man could do to attract it to his personal enterprises. To that end, he established residence up near the Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds—they chance to be located in convenient proximity—and began personally to check their crowds, to see for himself where they came from and where they went when they disbanded.

And he made an astounding discovery that's probably unknown even to Colonel Ruppert and Mr. Stoneham. After protracted and conscientious personal canvassing he ascertained that almost fifty per cent of any audience attending any attraction in either tureen was strictly a neighborhood crowd. A crowd that walked from its near-by homes to the game, and after it walked back again.

And so, just as the young James Aloysius Farley laid the foundations of a successful political career a few miles farther up the Hudson and a generation back by glad-handing every man, woman and child in the precinct, addressing every gathering and attending every wedding, christening, lodge meeting, memorial service, picnic and wake, young Mr. John Francis Meehan began doing exactly the same thing in the Bronx and Upper Manhattan.

Instead of ducking invitations to banquets and smokers as most coaches do, and as he'd always done in the past, he not only accepted them now, he even went looking for them. Of dynamic personality, keen of wit and quick of tongue, he captivated Sunday school meetings, political clubs, neighborhood smokers, athletic nights. He never refused an invitation. He sometimes covered two or three in an evening. Always he was a pleasant and forceful propagandist for the New Deal in N. Y. U. football. He promised them thrills and asked for their friendship. His winning personality got 'em. As a salesman, he was aces.

But he was studying other things, too, all the while.

In such spare time as he had, for a mental change of pace, he went to musical shows. "Like any other farmer," he told me one time, "I'd heard of the Follies, the Scandals, the Winter Gar-

(Continued on page 30)

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cb' Jenkins sets . . .

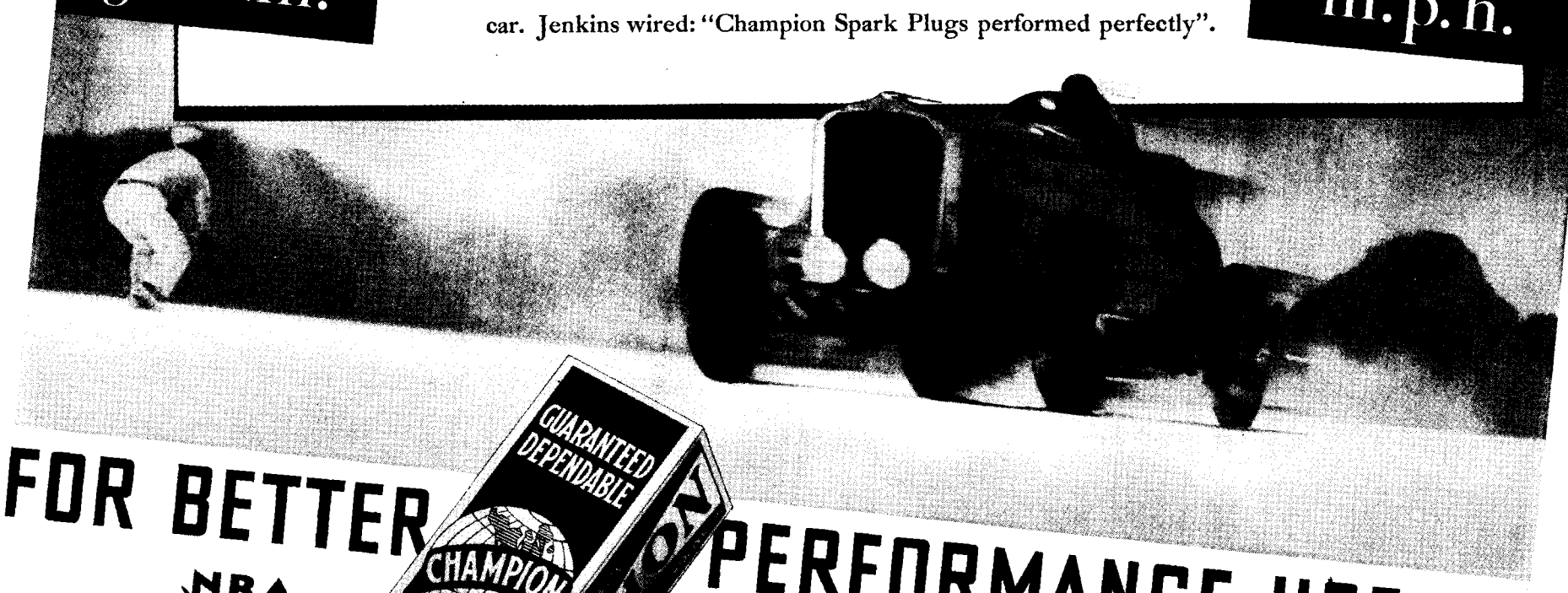
66 New Speed Records *with* CHAMPIONS ««««

3000 miles in 25 hours 36 min.

14 World's Unlimited • 14 International Class and 38 American Class Records

24 hour average 117.85 m.p.h.

More records made by one man—no relief—in one event than ever before. The greatest achievement of speed and endurance in the motoring world. The run was made August 6 and 7 under the supervision of A.A.A. officials on the salt beds of Utah in a Pierce-Arrow car. Jenkins wired: "Champion Spark Plugs performed perfectly".



FOR BETTER PERFORMANCE USE CHAMPION *Spark Plugs*

This patented shape means Champion EXTRA RANGE performance. Look for it

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

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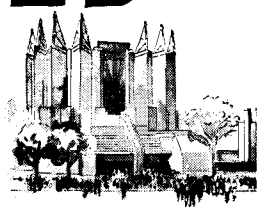
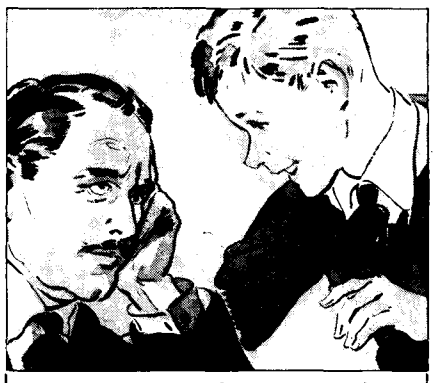
TED TEACHES DAD A LESSON



DAD: Ted, I'm sorry we took this World's Fair trip . . . I feel so rotten.

TED: I know the trouble, Dad! You need *bran*—just the thing Dr. Hale advised for me last year! Remember?



DAD: Oh no! You don't get me eating bran . . . I don't like it!

TED: You'll like *my* kind—Post's 40% Bran Flakes. It tastes delicious and it contains bran you need.

DAD: That was a mighty good tip, son. This is the best breakfast food I've ever tasted!

TED: Yes, and it sure does make you feel tip-top too, doesn't it, Dad?

MOTHER: Now both "my boys" keep fit . . . with this crisp, tempting breakfast food we eat regularly—each morning. How all three of us love its grand flavor!

HERE—IN ONE DELICIOUS CEREAL

BRAN for benefits you need . . . OTHER PARTS of Wheat for flavor you'll love

POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES contains 40% bran for bulk most people need to keep food moving along the intestinal tract . . . to help ward off constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet. But—it contains *other parts of wheat too.*

And in this combination of bran and other parts of wheat is the secret of its marvelous flavor. And of its high nutritive value . . . its rich content of phosphorus, iron and precious Vitamin B.

So there's every reason why you should make Post's 40% Bran Flakes the cereal you eat most often. You'll like it as much as any cereal you have *ever* tasted. In every bowlful you get those extra benefits you need to help keep you regular and fit. And it costs so little. A product of General Foods.

POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES

How to build a Football Business

Continued from page 28

den and their likes, but had never had much of a chance to take any of 'em in."

So on his off nights he went, but he found himself, once he was there, studying not so much the curves of the chorus girls and the gags of the funny men as the secret of the production's crowd appeal or its lack. And he soon discovered, or thought he did, that no matter how silly the book, how inane the music, how shoddy the scenery or bleary the lighting, if the show had only a line of smart-looking fillies, fetchingly undressed and swinging smoothly in rhythm, it was a good show, so far as the crowd was concerned

"There must be something here," he said to himself, "that can be used to advantage in football. For, after all, football business is nothing but show business. You charge an audience admission and give 'em entertainment."

Generosity with a Purpose

Meehan borrowed heavily from Broadway in his N. Y. U. presentations. When the critics a few years later were calling him "Football's Great Showman," they were truer than the tones of a $300 cornet.

When that fall of 1925 arrived and he assembled his squad—there were only 23 lads in that first one—he had worked out certain ideas about rhythm and haberdashery that were more or less revolutionary. Their colors, violet and white, lent themselves to flashy color combinations, and their playing uniforms were equal to Poiret creations.

And Meehan saw to it that they were fresh and sweet for every game. Every uniform had been dry-cleaned, every shoe polished, every headguard waxed, after the previous game and carefully laid away.

And then, for rhythm, Chick evolved a maneuver which the delighted sports writers began to call "Meehan's Military Shift." It was a meaningless marching and countermarching into and out of a huddle, but it was a pretty thing to watch and the crowd was immediately fascinated.

Meehan was always thinking in terms of that crowd—the crowd he wanted to get and the crowd that he had. Even after his season started, he didn't cease his public appearances at the neighborhood functions. In fact he made more of them, and now he was doubly welcome, for whenever he came he brought bales of free tickets to his football games.

He'd borrowed another idea from the show business—that of "papering the house." But he didn't hand out the free tickets in any slipshod fashion. He'd figured the thing out shrewdly. He gave out bundles of tickets to pastors, priests and presidents of societies. He saw that the ward bosses and politicians were well taken care of. He wanted big people, important people, there if he could get them, upon the theory that if word got around even among the servants that Mr. So-and-so had gone to the N. Y. U. game, somebody who heard would get the impression that N. Y. U. must be something worth seeing to attract the attendance of so important a man.

He handed out, in this fashion, 1,000, 2,000, sometimes as many as 3,000 tickets a game, but here again he followed a regular schedule. He didn't have all the dead-heads sitting together. He'd have a paid customer, then a couple of complimentaries, then another paid customer or two and so on. And he never had folks from the same neighborhood sitting together. He mixed them and scrambled them as well as he could.

That scrambling was done with shrewd and intelligent intent. Chick was after what in advertising circles is known as "coverage." He'd have a dead-head from the Bronx parked beside one from Brooklyn, a couple from Larchmont seated beside one from Jersey City. The idea was that in the excitement of a football game even strangers forget the formalities and frequently get to talking.

And if in the course of verbal interchange, the man from the Bronx discovered that his neighbor came from Brooklyn and the boy-friend from Larchmont divined the fact that the good-looking gal beside him really lived across the river, they'd get the idea that this N. Y. U. team was pulling customers from all over the section—that it was really the town's Big Team.

Naturally they'd all be rooting for the team that gave them tickets.

Here would be the birth of that vital thing known as a Following.

The story of the spectacular success of Chick Meehan's project and its sudden and equally spectacular collapse is told by Bill Cunningham in next week's Collier's.

"If you tell us how you got in that vase, you won't have to take your medicine!" *Frank Owen*

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Unhappy Hunting Grounds

Continued from page 20

conservationists, by these tactics, fill you with emotional abhorrence of man's rifle; and ignore the provable fact that this is the least of the hazards that have beset our game.

For that scoffing tenderfoot was right; the buffalo herds of our plains were too vast ever to diminish—from shooting. The destruction of the bison myriads was a mathematical impossibility for the number of hunters and rifles in the United States. You will have to look to other factors. There is a clue in the very period during which the buffalo disappeared; the two generations after the Civil War were those of our greatest industrial booming and commercial expansion; our widest peaceable territorial conquest. It was not the rifle but the plow that caused most casualties in the buffalo's ranks. He was killed off by the surveyor's axes and chains; by the railroad builder's spikes and plate-bolt wrenches and sledges. He —and the antelope and elk and other big game of the West that, like the bison, were creatures of the free and open ranges—was killed off by the stockman's fences. The most rabid conservationist cannot point to any stage of the hunting of the buffalo and say: "Here is where it all began." The sensible appraiser, looking backward, sees the death knell of the buffalo in the completion of the first transcontinental railroad. This was a great steel knife stabbed through the heart of the buffalo herds. The "southern" herd disappeared first, not only because human activity was greater in that section but because grazing was poorer. The "northern" herd persisted until the empire dreams of James J. Hill came to fruition in the Northern Pacific railroad. If only hunters were to blame, the buffaloes would still be there. You can have farms or buffaloes; you cannot have both.

Nowadays, when even the wild ducks, the last of our countless legions, seem definitely endangered, it is time for Americans who are interested in the vital natural resources of their country, who realize the importance of preserving and replenishing the living ornaments of its scenic grandeur, to take stock of our vanishing wild life. Calmly, helpfully, intelligently, not through emotions. At this very season, the most profitable crying time of the conservation sentimentalists, we who are laymen must face true causes and weigh blame and remedy alike.

Conservation or Restoration?

Most of us, whose first-hand knowledge of wild life is confined to feeding peanuts to park squirrels and holding up Junior to see the cute little tiger chew his twenty-pound steak, will be a little puzzled to find that after forty years of the movement conservation is still mainly conversation. You will be discouraged, also, to see the amount of hair-pulling among conservationists and restorationists: contempt in every eye, intolerance on every tongue, and hatchets out for any hunter who comes near. You will get firm hold of one impression, however, and that happens to be the most important one, for it affects every one of us as taxpayers, perhaps as tourists who want to see more than sagebrush when we visit our scenic countrysides, or as individuals who can share in the sport and profit offered by a husbanded wild life. It is this: wild life in the United States is neither what it used to be nor what it could now be.

When our back yards and country clubs were the forest primeval, bison roamed over the whole central plains. Elk, the animal that looks like a horse who got its head tangled in a hatrack and can't shake it off, were everywhere. Indeed, within the memory of living man they ran in New England woods. Every tree hid a bear, who scampered if you said boo and lived to play another day. Quail and grouse got in folks' hair, and when Priscilla Puritan took the broom to her doorstep of mornings like as not she'd have to sweep away a covey of wild turkeys.

The Backbone of the Republic

Reverend Johannes Megapolensis, Jr., who passed to his reward 120 years before the Revolution, wrote down his satisfaction that you only had to open your window or door to shoot your dinner as it flew past. English traveling men returned and caused worshipful shivers in their girl friends with tales of grouse bought from Indians in the market settlements. Washington's soldiers, through Valley Forge and other bad times, owed their hardihood to the wild turkey, grouse, elk, Virginia deer, and other game they took in the surrounding woods. Slaves on a colonial Maryland plantation went on strike because they had quail for breakfast, dinner and supper and wanted something common for a change—like pork.

North America, of all the continents, most favors migratory birds, especially waterfowl. It seems to have been designed to their order. A vast triangle with its base far north at the rim of the temperate zone, thousands of miles wide, covered with lakes favorable to feeding and breeding. An apex in the lush tropics where the sociable birds, the domestic need for plenty of wing-room behind them with the summer, might enjoy a comfortable and abundant winter.

Plenty of credible witnesses, experienced naturalists, have testified how skies were darkened for hours on end by these birds in flight.

Extinction has not come about through lack of well-intentioned campaigns to prevent it; in fact, the noble fervor has been a boomerang. Even the government has not been blameless. Under the Migratory Bird Treaty, a great international pact with Canada, it has only passed laws against hunters and hunting; done virtually nothing to preserve the breeding grounds. It has set up game refuges which, inadequately policed against natural enemies of the harassed wild life, have in many cases been only death traps.

In many respects the conservation movement resembles the prohibition onslaught. There are the same old tactics of abuse and the familiar "reformed drunkards" in conservation, men who in their day romped all over the mountains and forests and killed to their hearts' content and now, twinged by conscience, hold their hands over their eyes in abhorrence of all hunting. There are, also, the propagandists—who collect pennies from children and flood the schools with pretty colored pictures of our little furred and feathered friends and tell you how to attract robins to your window sill. Lastly, there are the sentimentalists; conservation has been largely in their hands, and they have run it down with the same aimless holiness that animated the wearers of the white cockade. One blamed everything on Demon Rum; the other blames everything on Demon Hunter.

(Continued on page 32)

...and that's why shaving is hard for you!

OLD MOTHER NATURE made whiskers *waterproof*. Made 'em that way by wrapping each whisker in a coating of oil that sheds water like a rubber boot!

And that's why your whiskers stay tough and wiry and hard to cut—until you remove that oil and let the shave cream get to work on the hair itself. But many shave creams aren't much help to you—because they fail to take off *all* the oil.

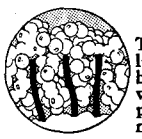
Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream is specially made to de-waterproof whiskers. Colgate chemists have designed it to do *just that*—to strip off every trace of that oil coating . . . Here's how it works:

Colgate's whips into *small-bubble* lather. Tiny bubbles crowd around each whisker . . . emulsify the oil . . . *float it away.* Then—this tiny-bubble lather seeps into each hair . . . soaks it *soft* . . . helps the razor cut closely, smoothly. *If you have tough, wiry whiskers, use Colgate's* . . . and get a smooth, close, lasting shave.

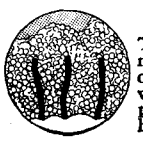
Then . . . Colgate's After-Shave!

Finish your Colgate shave with a dash of Colgate's After-Shave—the lotion that cools and soothes the face. Eliminates stiffness . . . leaves the skin supple, soft and smooth.

Then for real shaving comfort—add a few pats of Colgate's Talc for Men. Removes that "after-shaving" shine—and it's invisible on the face.



ORDINARY LATHER
This picture (magnified) of ordinary lather, shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get close up to the whisker and remove its oily, waterproof coating. Thus the hair remains tough, hard-to-cut.



COLGATE LATHER
This picture of Colgate lather (same magnification) shows how millions of tiny bubbles crowd around each whisker, removing the oily, waterproof coating completely. Thus the hair is softened, easy-to-cut.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For men who want GOOD CLOTHES

THIS is the simple story of a simple way to buy clothes that give enduring satisfaction.

Up here in the Hudson Valley a famous mill has been weaving wool since 1872. It is the largest importer of English and Irish wools in America. Experts sort the finest fibres, dye them in the fleece, and weave them with all the skill of their English cousins into fabrics that have warmth and wear and beauty of texture and design. Then to one tailor these fabrics go—a tailor chosen for his style and cutting and workmanship. And into the coats and suits he makes is stitched the Kenwood Label.

This, then, is no ordinary label. It is the mark of care and quality through every step of dyeing, weaving, styling, tailoring—every step from the sheep's back to your own. If you would enjoy a new satisfaction in clothes, choose, for example, a Kenwood Fleecelite Overcoat (shown below). You will find them at many of America's good stores. It will be the beginning of a lasting loyalty to a label that means *more* in men's clothing than a label ever meant before.

KENWOOD MILLS
ALBANY, N. Y.

The KENWOOD LABEL is the mark of QUALITY in WOOL, WEAVING, TAILORING, WARMTH and WEAR

© KENWOOD MILLS 1933

KENWOOD FABRICS

(Continued from page 31)

One famous conservationist declared that hunters were to blame for ninety per cent of the disappearance of our wild life. His opponents of the restorationist school swear that not more than ten per cent of the game and game birds killed each year are accounted for by hunters.

Until recently there was virtually no way to check these guesses. Now, Doctor Gardner Bump, superintendent of the Bureau of Game of the New York State Fish and Game Commission, has announced the result of an impartial and thoroughly scientific investigation which he has conducted. He studied 100 grouse, in a year favorable to them, from the eggs upward. Fifty-five per cent were eaten in the egg by predators —crows, foxes, skunks. Twenty-five per cent were killed by predators in the first three months after hatching; or died from disease or bad weather. Twenty per cent reached adult life. Eight of these were killed by foxes and cats. Nine lived over into their second year. Three out of the 100 fell to hunters.

These astonishing figures point out the basic fallacy of our conservation policy. We have spent years fighting the three per cent; doing everything possible to protect wild life from its least dangerous foe. And we have done practically nothing to protect our birds and beasts from the ninety per cent—predators, disease. We have, in our blundering way, added in fact to the troubles and dangers of the things we set out to protect.

Before the white man came to America wild life balanced neatly. The inroads made by the hunting Indians were negligible. The Indian population was never large. They were lazy, had crude weapons, and never hunted for sport. With the coming of the white man, things changed. He upset the balance. Not with his rifles, but with his plows and axes. His factories polluted rivers and marshes; drove forth the beaver, otter and waterfowl. His dams closed major rivers to fish. He thinned forests and the elk and moose retreated. His carelessness sometimes set fire to woods, and all creatures therein perished.

Kitty Gets Her Share

But worst of all, he brought new predators to upset the ancient balance of our animal kingdom. He brought cats dogs, rats. Cats, according to the Audubon Society, kill six hundred million birds every year in this country—a frightful economic waste, unmatched by the work of all our hunters on all classes of birds and animals combined.

Cats wreak their greatest mischief among upland and non-migratory game birds and song birds. Waterfowl, as a rule, are too big and too inaccessible for them. The economic loss to the farmers and to the natural and cultivated resources of the nation at large through depredations of cats and other vermin is incalculable. Quail, grouse, and birds of that feather follow agriculture; live, habitually, within one hundred feet of cleared land. The Indians understood this, and used to burn off woodland to make open spaces pleasing to the birds. It is estimated that game and song birds save agriculture fifty million dollars annually in England.

The full measure of economic ornithology on the vaster acreage of the United States can only be roughly guessed—with the aid of the bird census work of the Biological Survey, and the patient analysis it has made of food habits of certain species. The skylark, familiar to all farmers, eats six pounds of food a year. More than one third of this consists of injurious insects; nearly half of noxious weed seeds; three per cent of earthworms and slugs, and less than ten per cent of useful grain.

But cats or no cats, hunters or no hunters, there are some names that would be on the extinct list regardless —auks, curlews, and others. The sentimentalists, blinded by their ofttimes profitable tears, ignore the truth that evolution of species must be considered in all questions of conservation. Animals and birds are dependent upon their environment; thousands of species of living things have disappeared from the earth before and since man came because the eras favorable to their existence came to an end.

Herein lies the danger now shadowing the wild ducks. Both sides of the international boundary, flung across the whole central plains, are their breeding grounds. During and after the war vast areas here were drained to grow wheat. The soil proved alkaline, unfit for cultivation. The projects were abandoned, but the drainage ditches remain and the land lies dry, baked white under the sun, hundreds of miles of sores upon international wild life resources. Experts of the Biological Survey, unable to do what they know is necessary because of lack of funds, are sure that within two years after plugging the ditches and reflooding the land, here again would be happy breeding grounds for the wild ducks.

Just as the wild ducks may be saved in limitless numbers and for a future period of time beyond your personal concern and mine, so our other game and game birds may be saved. Restoration of virtually all existent species is scientifically possible. That is known, now that Doctor Allen of Cornell and his associate, Doctor Gardner Bump, have demonstrated the feasibility of hand-raising ruffed grouse on a comparatively large scale. The grouse was the toughest restoration problem; up to a dozen years ago you could set a convention of restorationists into hysterics by merely suggesting the possibility of hand-raising them in worth-while quantities.

The grouse, in the opinion of naturalists, is the key bird of native ornithology —grandest, gamest, most typical of American wild life. Afraid of nothing when loose in its wild haunts; shy and delicate in captivity. The author of our most delightful forest courtship, each male grouse, when it comes time to show off to the girls, looks around for a hollow deadfall; sometimes he uses the same log year after year. He struts on it, with his ruff standing out like Queen Elizabeth's starchiest collar. Then he extends his wings and begins to beat them; slowly at first, then faster and faster. The impact of the wings upon the air makes a seductive drumming noise, and the log acts as a sounding-board. It is for all the world like an imitation by a vaudeville mimic of a starting train; settling, presently, into a monotonous beat. All hens within earshot come and look on admiringly. In fact, grouse hens are so anxious to hear the love call that their imagination often plays tricks upon them. Your reporter knows a man who got a surprise one day when a hen flew out of the shore woods and made eyes at an outboard motor.

Help for the Farmer

There must be management and purpose in restoration. Many today see in the farmer an agent of purposefulness. Overproduction touched agriculture as well as industry and in these last confused years farmers have seen their profits disappear over the back fence. Tax delinquency has thus become a sharp problem; many states find hundreds of thousands of embarrassing acres on their hands—notably Michigan, with twenty-five per cent of its acreage seized to satisfy unpaid taxes. Forty million acres of corn and wheat and cotton, plowed under by edict of the Department of Agriculture to lessen the strain on world markets, have increased the farmer's income problem. If he is to enlist in restoration he will have to be assured of a market for the birds, and the right to sell hunting privileges on his own land for birds that he has raised. Under present laws, game birds a farmer may raise belong not to him but to the state. One fact is becoming strikingly apparent; the days of free shooting are over. In self-defense against thoughtless city hunters who paid fees to the state for the privilege of overrunning his land, who cut his fences ofttimes because they were too lazy to climb over, who let down bar-ways and permitted the stock to wander off, who built fires and left them burning, threw litter around at will, even shot his dog or cow accidentally, and made it unsafe for his wife or children to venture out of doors, what with buckshot zinging out of the woods from all sides—in protest against all these abuses, the modern farmer is posting his land. Posted land normally leads to more vermin, less game.

Thus, restoration's success depends, in the last analysis, on the farmer: If laws, public policies and sentiment can be amended and redirected so that the farmer will look upon game birds as just another crop, to be protected from enemies as potatoes are protected from bugs, and to be sold at a profit, just as corn and apple brandy are sold, your children will grow up to see more game and game birds in this country than any of the red Indians ever saw.

"Joe only said 'As a rule.' He didn't say all beautiful people was dumb" *Laurence Reynolds*

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Don't take this HUSBAND EXCHANGE too literally

The LAWRENCE
Also in Tan
Genuine Calfskin

The ARAGON
Also in Tan
Genuine Calfskin

The PATAN
Available in Tan
Genuine Calfskin

● We don't expect, or even ask, you to believe there are 5,251 places in these United States where you can exchange your present husband for that happy, peppy fellow he used to be. But we do say that a lot of "nerves," laid to other things, are nothing more or less than plain, everyday cases of improperly fitted shoes. You see if a shoe is mis-fit by as little as 1/16 of an inch it may throw delicate bones, muscles, and nerves out of balance. Take our word for it, 78% of all foot trouble is caused by mis-fit shoes. Now do you see why we make 4,981 different lasts, patterns, sizes, and widths?

A man's feet take the toughest beating of any part of his body. Help him take care of them. Take him to any of the 5,251 "Friendly" Shoe dealers, and let them fit him accurately, scientifically. For just a few dollars (of his money) ***you*** may get a practically new husband. Worth trying, isn't it? The name of your nearest "Friendly" dealer may be found in the yellow classified section of your telephone directory listed under "Shoes — Friendly." Or drop a card to us at the factory.

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"FRIENDLY" Shoe

Most Styles $6

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY — *Manufacturers* — NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
A Division of General Shoe Corporation

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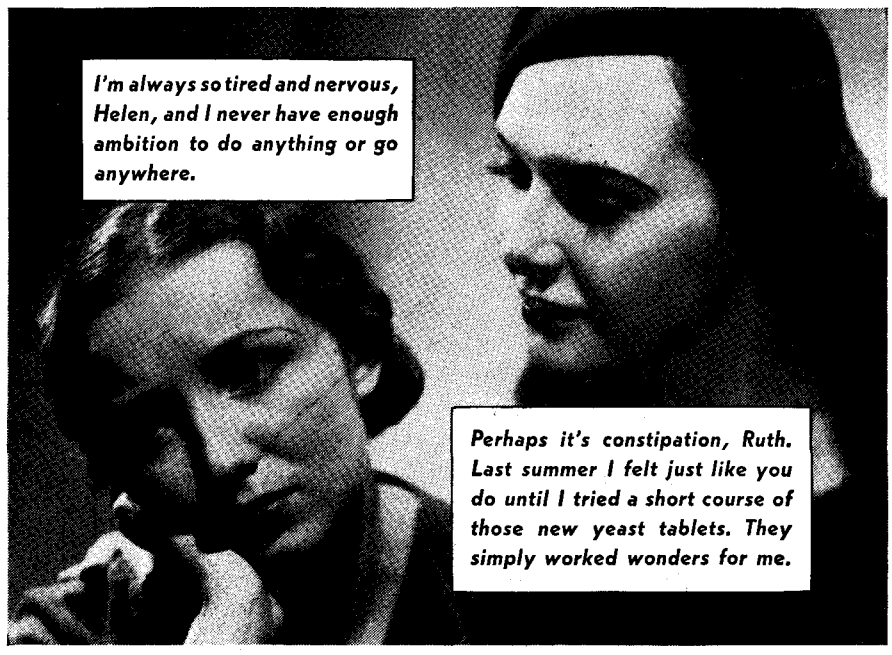
I'm always so tired and nervous, Helen, and I never have enough ambition to do anything or go anywhere.
Perhaps it's constipation, Ruth. Last summer I felt just like you do until I tried a short course of those new yeast tablets. They simply worked wonders for me.

New Truths on Constipation—*What to do*

Research traces cause in many cases to shortage of important vitamin—How pasteurized yeast promotes regular, complete elimination without drugs or medicines

SCIENCE has revealed new facts on constipation. Research shows that in a large number of cases, the true cause of this common ailment is a shortage of vitamin B. This element is sadly deficient in the average diet. In many common foods it is entirely lacking. Without enough of this important vitamin, the intestinal nerves and muscles fail to function normally.

This condition can't be remedied with drugs or laxatives. These give only temporary relief and besides are habit-forming. They irritate the intestines and often cause a violent flushing action which does more harm than good. If *your* constipation fails to respond to ordinary treatment, it is likely that your trouble is caused by a deficiency of vitamin B.

To correct this condition you must nourish and strengthen your stomach and intestines. Give them the fortifying elements they need.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply these elements in abundance. These tablets are pure, pasteurized yeast—the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. These elements stimulate and tone up weakened digestive and intestinal organs. They nourish nerves and muscles. Thus they promote normal intestinal action in a natural, healthful way. Elimination again becomes easy and regular and complete. Pep returns. Headaches go. The skin clears up. You really live again.

Yeast You Will Like

Yeast Foam Tablets have a pleasing, nut-like taste. And they are scientifically pasteurized. Thus they *cannot cause gas or discomfort.* They are always uniform in vitamin content. Remember, this yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States Government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Begin now to correct the real cause of a widely prevalent and but recently recognized type of constipation—a type that can never be cured by ordinary laxatives. Enjoy better digestion, regular elimination, real health!

•

No more constipation now!—*"Now that I am taking Yeast Foam Tablets, I am no longer troubled with constipation. My skin is clearing up wonderfully."* OMAHA, NEB.

•

All skin blemishes gone!—*"My skin was in very poor condition but since I started taking Yeast Foam Tablets the blemishes and pimples have disappeared. My skin is clear and smooth."* SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

Pure Yeast in Convenient, Easy-to-eat Form

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

C-11-4

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Please send free sample of Yeast Foam Tablets and descriptive circular.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Along came Prosperity

Continued from page 18

were buddies at No. 2, so I was at the top of the shaft at seven in the morning ready to take the first cage down. But Sonny didn't show up. One of the boys told me he had been drunk for three days and was now in the calaboose because he tried to take a poke at the constable for no reason at all. I went back to the wash shack, got into my street clothes and went down to the jug to see him. He was sitting in one corner of the stone cell, polishing his Elks ring for the sake of something better to do.

"What did you sock the constable for?" I asked him.

"Do you like him?" he snarled.

"No, but—"

"Well, neither do I."

"I know you were drunk but that was no reason—"

"Bein' drunk don't make me sock people no quicker than when I'm sober. I wanted to sock him and so I socked him."

"YOU'LL be in here about thirty days."

"Suppose I am?" He got to his feet and paced the floor. "Suppose I'm in here for sixty days—a year? Do you think anybody's goin' to care? You bet they won't! Nobody's goin' to care how long Sonny Glick stays in the jug. Nobody's—"

"How about those three rooms out at No. 2?" I said. "I got to have a buddy to work them, don't I?"

"Aw, you'll find one all right—and he'll probably be smart enough to stay away from girls. He—"

"H-m! So that's it!" I said. "You squeal on The Miser and then the girl gives you the run-around."

"You know what that dirty, double-crossin' Miser done?" Sonny walked back over to the bench and sat down. "I'll tell you what he done. The day after we took her old man for a ride through the mud, he went over to their house an' proposed marriage to her. An' you know what she done? I'll tell you what she done. She hit him right in the mush with a bar of yellow soap."

"Yeh—and then what happened?" I wanted to laugh, but Sonny looked so sick and unhappy I gave up the idea.

"He was back the next mornin' with some biscuits he baked up at the shack. Chick met him at the door an' said his daughter was down with the measles. The Miser said he had had measles once an' besides he was wearin' an asafetida bag an' couldn't catch them no more. He tried to go through the doorway but Chick laid a bender on his chin an' knocked him into the pansy bed at one end of the porch. The Miser come up grinnin', but the biscuits stayed in the pansy bed. He said, 'Mr. Weely—' you get the idea? 'Tain't Chick no more; it's Mr. Weely. He said, 'Mr. Weely, did you bop me 'cause I dragged you through the mud or jus' 'cause you don't want me to see your daughter?'

"Chick said, 'I bopped you because she don't want to see you.'

"'But how does she know she don't like me?' asked The Miser. 'She ain't never talked to me sociable once. I ain't a bad guy, Mr. Weely,' he said.

"'I ain't sayin' you are, Miser,' said Chick. 'To tell you the truth, I told my daughter I thought you was one of the squarest coal heavers that ever hit these sticks. But she's all for Sonny Glick, Miser, so I'd advise you to dust out of here.'"

"That was sure telling him," I grinned.

"Yeh—it sure was," said Sonny, sadly. "But you know The Miser as well as I do. He walked up to Chick an' laid one right on his button, an' while the old man was sittin' in a tub of cistern water, The Miser leaned against a porch post an' made a speech.

"'Mr. Weely,' he said, 'if your daughter's stuck on Sonny Glick then I ain't goin' to butt in. I can lick that guy three ways for Sunday an' it ain't fair to beat the time of a guy you can lick. But I want to tell you somethin', Mr. Weely. I spent most of my life batchin' an' I never knew no women except them tramps down by the waterfront an' I think your daughter's the beautifulest woman that ever lived. That's what I think of your daughter.'

"Then he went down the gravel walk an' out through the front gate." Sonny began pounding an open palm with his fist. I laughed.

"And so that gave you reason to get drunk and punch the constable in the nose, is that it?" He didn't answer. "Seems to me you should have been tickled out of your woolen undershirt, getting rid of The Miser so easy."

"Gettin' rid of him?" Sonny stared at me foolishly, his mouth half open. "Say, I didn't get rid of him. That night when I went a-callin' on her, she was sittin' in the porch hammock with him."

"But I thought you said—"

"I did," said Sonny, without waiting for me to finish, "but when he stood up there an' made that speech to her old man, she was listenin' at the bedroom window. I know, 'cause she told me when she bounced me. She came right out to the gate and said she was sorry she had to do it but nobody had ever called her beautiful before—and she liked it."

"Then that's your fault," I said. "Why didn't you—"

"Aw, go to hell!" grunted Sonny, and went back to the window.

YOU'VE never seen a wedding like it. Chick spent all evening with his arm around The Miser. He was so happy he kept punching his new son-in-law in the ribs every time he started to drink a glass of beer. Then the two of them got a little bunned and did a hoe-down in the living-room.

Chick stuck one foot through the davenport and The Miser knocked over a what-not. Mrs. Weely hugged him and called him her darling boy, and then sat down at the organ and played, while the daughter sang a song called Happiness Ahead.

That's where the trouble started. Sonny Glick was swacked to the eyebrows and was the only one who didn't applaud.

"You're lousy," he said to the girl, after giving her the bird.

The Miser grabbed him by the scruff of the neck.

"You take that back," he said, "or I'll flatten you."

Sonny laughed in his face. "You said it—why can't I?"

"I said she was lousy?"

"Sure you did," came from Sonny, gamely. "You said it up at the shack that time when you was tryin' to figure out a way to keep Chick from joinin' our can gang—jus' because he had a mustache."

I saw The Miser look at Chick.

"Let's forget it," said The Miser, nervously. He released Sonny, walked over to the tapped keg and poured himself a drink from the spigot. Chick followed him over.

"That's somethin' I never heard before," he said. "What about my mustache?"

"Aw, that was nothin'," replied The

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Miser. "We was jus' clownin' up there an' I said let's pull the cat gag on Chick an'—"

"I know that part of it," interrupted Chick, "but what about my mustache?"

"Suppose I sing another song," put in the bride hastily.

"Not till this top-heavy ape tells me what he said about my mustache."

If it hadn't been for the crowd I'm quite sure there wouldn't have been any trouble, but The Miser was feeling silly enough, and the rows of interested eyes encouraged his growing resentment.

"Listen—you," he said. "Father-in-law or no father-in-law, don't go callin' me no names."

"Somethin' wrong with my mustache, huh?" And Chick swung a right hook to The Miser's chin. The latter merely shook his head, finished his glass of beer and then let Chick have one right back in identically the same place.

"You wanta fight?" asked The Miser, ducking a second punch.

"Sure, I'll fight you," replied Chick. So the two went out in the back yard and started throwing punches. We stayed and watched it for a couple of hours but you know how it is early in the morning—chilly and miserable—and besides some of the boys had to be to work at seven.

THAT fight made history in our town. It lasted for six months. I don't mean they fought steadily for six months, but they fought every time they met. Fell out completely. Chick was so burned up because his mustache had been ridiculed that he even went so far as to try to break up the marriage. But his daughter put a sprag in that. She told her old man that The Miser was so kind and sweet to her that she cried every time she washed the supper dishes.

But Chick was out to get even and he paid no attention to her. The next time he met The Miser he told him that he wasn't a fit guy to have for a son-in-law; that he couldn't support the worst kind of a tramp, let alone his daughter, in the manner to which she was accustomed.

This was said while they were beating each other over the konk with tamping pins in Mike Mooney's barroom. It got under The Miser's skin and he let Chick have a dose of his own medicine. Told him that his daughter would have better clothes and a finer home than he could ever hope to get for Mrs. Weely.

And to prove it, the first pay day after the strike, he took his wife to Terre Haute and bought her everything she wanted. Chick countered by moving into a bigger house on the National Road and filling it full of furniture he got from a Chicago mail-order firm.

But The Miser had the advantage. You see, Chick was a shot-firer and only got so much a day, whereas The Miser ran a machine and was paid for yardage. About ten fights later, he bought a lot across the road from Chick and borrowed enough money from a mortgage company to start a home of his own. The framework was no sooner up than he laid out a garden where his father-in-law could see it—a pool made of chips of Bedford granite and bordered with daisies and coreopsis.

Chick stayed home nights for two weeks to whitewash his fence and build a grape arbor that ran the length of his lot. In order to buy lumber he had to use his beer money, and it made the going pretty hard. But he was determined to see it through; anything to beat The Miser.

Also, both men found themselves going to church regularly. It was the only place they could show off their wives' clothes. The Miser's wife sang solos and her mother accompanied her on the organ. This gave everybody in town an opportunity to watch the contest and judge for themselves. The church was filled to overflowing every Sunday and the minister began to look fat and healthy around the gills.

Gradually, the men around town began taking sides. You couldn't blame them much for that—there wasn't anything to do nights except play pinochle or go down to the miners' hall and listen to Ada Jones and Len Spencer sing on the graphophone. So the fights started and the buying began. A month of this and the saloon-keepers were ready to close their doors: everybody was dolling up his old woman or getting things for the house. Only the young bucks were left out of it—they weren't married, so there was nothing for them to argue about. But they could get married—and they did.

That season, the coal company shipped more coal out of our county than any time in its history. Got so prosperous it sunk two shafts out by Sugar Creek and put in new motor equipment in each of its old mines. The railroad got interested and built a depot and a ten-track switching yard. Passenger trains began to stop regularly and we had to pave Main street so the busses wouldn't get bogged down in the mud. A Chicago firm contracted for the job, and when their expert came to town he discovered a shale bed on the outskirts, so rich in deposits that his company bought a square mile of land and built one of the biggest vitrified brick plants in the state. Two subdivisions sprang up to house their employees, which meant we had to build a bigger schoolhouse and buy a new fire engine.

We finally got so big that we decided to do like other cities and elect a mayor. So far as everybody was concerned there were only two logical candidates—Chick Weely and The Miser. They were responsible for the boom and should be given the honor.

After being duly nominated, the election was held—and what do you think happened? It was a tie vote, so help me. None of us knew what to do. We couldn't use two mayors—right at that time, anyway—and we didn't want to ask them to fight it out between themselves because we felt that wouldn't be dignified enough.

THEN Jake Tarmer came up with a swell idea! The Miser was about to become a father. Why not proposition the two men to bet on the sex of the child and the winner would become mayor of the town? We okayed that one right away and Tarmer and me were selected as a committee to put it up to the two men.

The Miser was willing enough but Chick insisted that The Miser would have to apologize about his mustache first before he'd even consider the proposition. It took about three hours of argument before The Miser gave in.

"There's nothin' wrong with your mustache, Chick," he said, with a great deal of effort. "But I'll tell you this: if I win, the first thing I'll do will be to pass a law that'll stop mustache growin' from now on. . . . Now go ahead an' take your pick. What do you think it's goin' to be—a boy or a girl?"

"A boy," said Chick proudly.

"All right," replied The Miser, unhappily. "If it's a girl, I'll get the job but I won't be very keen about it."

So, for the next few days, business slacked down considerably because everybody was sitting around waiting for the stork. When he did come he made the trip worth while. The Miser's wife gave birth to twins—a boy and a girl.

The next day I got an offer of a good job in West Virginia so I never did know how the election came out.

the Higher the Fewer

The higher the forehead the fewer the hairs . . . and the nearer you are to baldness. Take care, brother, while there is still time, and spare a few minutes a week for the proper care of your scalp. Before every shampoo give it a thorough 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic workout. Part the hair and apply the Tonic generously to the scalp, continuing round until the entire scalp has been covered. Then massage the Tonic in by pressing the fingers firmly against the scalp and rotating them, until the head tingles, and the scalp feels loose. These treatments, given regularly, will keep the scalp in the pink of condition, the circulation stimulated, the hair vigorous, and abundant. Your druggist sells 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it. Why not start following their advice today? Two sizes of shaker-top bottles.

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE
Look for the trademark VASELINE
when you buy. If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Consolidated, 17 State Street, New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1933—Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

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Campbell Soup Company

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO THE COMPANY — CAMDEN·NEW JERSEY·U·S·A· — CABLE ADDRESS "CAMELSOUP"

August 24, 1933.

Mr. Thomas H. Beck, President
P. F. Collier & Son Company
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Dear Mr. Beck:

It was a natural step for us to take, to place our order for full-page advertising in Collier's.

Your publication has by public acclaim risen to a position of importance in guiding the thoughts of millions of people throughout the country. And this leadership imposes a trust which the editors of Collier's are discharging ably and honorably. In these days when the goal is none too clearly defined and the road is not a beaten path, your editorial page has served as a reliable direction finder.

We feel that we have made an important decision in renewing our association with Collier's.

Yours very truly,

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY,

A. C. Dorrance

ACD:b — President.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

"This leadership imposes a trust which the editors of Collier's are discharging ably and honorably"

In answer to Collier's request for permission to reprint his letter, Mr. Dorrance replied: "There is no objection. Our letter was written as a spontaneous expression of the progress Collier's has made and is continuing to make . . . We have every confidence that the present noticeable improvement in business is only a start. To prepare for further increases The Campbell Soup Company has arranged to expand its advertising materially. Collier's has earned its place as a vital part of these new advertising plans."

Collier's - FOR ACTION!

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY NEW YORK

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Too Much Wife

Continued from page 24

would be wondering what the penalty was in that community for justifiable homicide.

Now, the thrice-crowned miracle of it all was that in spite of these monumental handicaps Henry Pelley's game made improvement from the start. Improved so much that finally, on a red-letter day, he shot one complete hole in par.

As the historic ball dropped into the cup, a feeling went through Henry Pelley comparable only to the feeling on the day that he had proposed to Arlene and had been accepted; and likewise the feeling when the electrical gadget, instead of once more fizzling feebly, stepped right out and began to work. Life became a thing of three dimensions: Arlene, the electrical gadget, and golf.

Henry Pelley, golfer.

And Henry Pelley, golfer, with feet treading air, was wafted to the next tee; continued above all earthly things until a second par, that had been right in his hands, vanished like a puff of smoke as his putt at the next green rimmed the cup . . . missed. And staggeringly there came to him—came to Henry Pelley, golfer, holder of one authentic par and almost holder of another—there came to him the chill and awful realization that he would have gained that second par if his wife—Arlene, wife of his soul—if his wife hadn't been . . . talking.

Instantly he cast the hideous thought from him. Impossible! And yet . . . and yet . . .

THE ride home in the Pelley car was made in utter silence on the part of Henry Pelley. Until in the garage, to the rising tide of Arlene's questions, he broke out with:

"Business! Thinking of business!" And he dashed into the house; and there business, real business, met him in the form of a telegram lying on his desk.

He read that telegram three times. He walked around the room, and now indeed he was in a daze. The electrical contract with the sales group—the group handling his electrical gadget—would not be renewed. Reorganization. . . . Dropping many lines. . . . Dropping his line. . . .

Henry Pelley continued to walk around the room. On the profits of the gadget he was now living. If it had no sales outlet, he would have to go back to the store; go back to a two-by-four existence.

But Henry Pelley was a hard man to lick. All his life he had been a hard man to lick—nothing spectacular—but day after day digging in, holding, inching ahead. He fought now. He rallied his forces. He wouldn't go back to the store! And he wouldn't try to hook up with another minor-league sales group. Just one chance left—go for the biggest sales group of all. Go for the Charles A. Judson Company itself. Shoot the works! If he failed . . . He mustn't fail! His mind went into high gear.

That was it! The annual electrical convention; the one about which he had recently received so much mail, and which he hadn't thought of attending because there had been no need. There'd be need now! It was to be held in a couple of weeks in a famous resort hotel a day away by train from the Pelley home city. Charles A. Judson would be there; he was chief committeeman. Henry Pelley would go to that convention; he'd go a day ahead of its opening; he'd get acquainted with Charles A. Judson and he'd—

Henry Pelley gasped amidst icy waters. Arlene; Arlene, wife of his soul, would of course go to the convention with him.

She had always gone everywhere with him, the little that they had ever gone, and he had been glad to have her go; proud; he would have been lost without her. But now! In letters of fire that ran around and around the room, he again saw the statement that had been in the invitation to the convention. . . . Golf tournament . . . golf . . . and Charles A. Judson played golf. If he could have gotten him alone out on the golf course and talked business. . . . But now; now, Arlene would be there and she would walk around and . . .

"Oh, good Lord!" groaned Henry Pelley.

AS THE days sped, and the date of the convention drew nearer and nearer, Henry Pelley groaned again and yet again. Of course, other wives would be there, having a sort of convention of their own, with bridge and what not. But Arlene . . . Arlene would wish to be right at his side. No way out of it!

And then, like the doomed man who hears the word "reprieve" as he stands on the scaffold, Henry Pelley heard it from Arlene, talking beside his desk:

"Aunt Cynthia . . . coming tomorrow to visit us. You go right ahead to the convention, but I simply *must* stay and . . ."

So, Henry Pelley went to the electrical convention alone; arrived at the big resort hotel just as evening was coming over the wooded hills; was assigned a room, had a badge pinned on him, and, in a lobby peopled with others wearing badges and smiles, came face to face with Charles A. Judson himself; Charles A. Judson, head of the largest electrical sales group in the land.

In ordinary times, under ordinary conditions, Henry Pelley, small, retiring, diffident, would have gazed silently, remotely at the tall, powerful, commanding figure of Charles A. Judson; at this giant of business. But not so now. Henry Pelley, free, alone—was no longer the everyday Henry Pelley.

He boldly extended a hand.

"How d'you do! You're Charles A. Judson. I'm Henry Pelley."

Charles A. Judson smiled out of a tanned face.

"Pelley! Mighty glad to meet you."

"Hoped I might see you here," said Henry. "Wanted to have a game of golf with you tomorrow. That is, if you play golf."

"Of course I play golf!" beamed Charles A. Judson. "That's why I came a day early."

"Same here," said Henry. "Then we could arrange a game. And while we're playing, we could have a little chat on one thing and another."

"Splendid!" said Charles A. Judson. He continued to beam upon personable Henry. "I've heard a lot about you. That electrical device of yours . . ."

"*Just* what I wanted to talk about. Arrangements with my present sales group aren't at all satisfactory. The group is small pumpkins, and I don't want to do business with small pumpkins. So I thought that if you and I got together and had a talk and—"

"Can talk while we golf," said Charles A. Judson. "Tiptop! Tomorrow afternoon, right after lunch, if you can make it. Say one-thirty, on the first tee?"

Charles A. Judson radiated contentment at Henry Pelley, and Henry radiated it back. And then the leaves of the potted palm beside which they were standing were thrust this way and that, and a large, commanding, Spartan sort of woman was in their midst, was saying to Charles A. Judson:

"So here you are!"

The smile went out of Charles A. Judson's face.

"Why . . . uh . . . hello, Emma," he said. "I didn't know that you were looking for me, my dear."

"You were saying something," pursued the commanding Spartan lady, "about one-thirty and the first tee?"

"Uh . . . yes," gulped Charles A. Judson. "This gentleman and I . . . my wife, Mr. Pelley . . . this gentleman and I were arranging a game of golf for tomorrow at that hour."

Mrs. Charles A. Judson acknowledged the presentation of Henry Pelley by less than no inclination of the head.

"At one-thirty?" she repeated, looking at her husband.

"Yes," said Charles Judson. And then added to Henry Pelley: "Well, Pelley, I guess until then . . ."

Henry Pelley stood and watched them go; and in his breast there was a feeling of overweening pride.

"Huh!" he said, half aloud, and gave a magnificent shrug. "Some men aren't tied down!"

In his room, as he was getting ready for dinner, the telephone rang.

"Hello," said a voice. "Pelley? This is Judson. I was wondering . . ." There was a pause, and then the voice went ahead swiftly. "Wondering if you would mind changing the time of that game tomorrow. If you'd make it in the morning at . . ."

The listening Henry Pelley found it harder and harder to distinguish the words. It was as though the man at the other end of the wire were far away, or talking with his head under a blanket.

"I can't quite hear you!" said Henry Pelley. "Change the time to . . ."

"To morning!" hastened the other's voice. "And . . . and let's make it early. There's so much to be done during the rest of the day, if we could make it good and early, say eight o'clock—"

"Eight o'clock!" exclaimed Henry.

"Why, yes. That is, if you don't mind."

HENRY PELLEY almost chuckled into the telephone. As if he minded when he played golf with Charles A. Judson! He'd play at dawn if need be.

"Why, that's fine," he said. "I always like to play early. In fact, the earlier the better."

"Splendid!" said Charles A. Judson, and hung up.

Once more the man who was free gave a self-conscious grin. "Huh," said Henry, "I'll bet that wife of his was right at his elbow. Well, it's different with some people."

He went down to dinner with satisfaction enveloping him like a bright cloak; it continued to envelop him through the evening; it was with him when he went to bed.

He smiled, drowsed . . . and the telephone rang.

He got up, shaking his head. Undoubtedly it was Charles Judson, wanting to change the golf hour again. He'd never heard of such a man.

"Hello," he said.

A voice answered. Not Charles A. Judson's voice. And yet a voice that Henry knew.

Henry Pelley clutched at the wall. It was . . . Arlene. His wife Arlene.

"I guess you'll be surprised and pleased at hearing me!" said the voice of Arlene. "Aunt Cynthia found that

(Continued on page 38)

English 6 x 3 Ribs

every well dressed man knows these Socks.

Now made in America by Interwoven . . . at half their former imported prices.

Good-looking...durable . . . the most comfortable Socks you can wear.

Interwoven

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Socks

Lisles . . . . 2 pairs $1.00
Lisle-lined . 75c the pair
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NO EQUAL FOR WEAR

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THE Thrill OF A LIFETIME

IN these days when money is tight and every penny counts, you get the thrill of a lifetime shaving with a Rolls Razor.

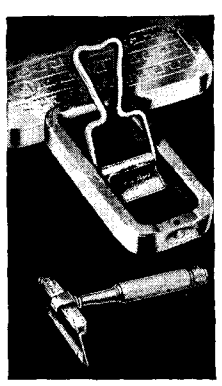
Of course, you get a thrill from the clean, smooth, non-irritating way it removes the stubble—that's to be expected.

But the real thrill comes when you realize that you don't have to keep buying packages and packages of blades, a never ending expense and a never ending irritation.

A Rolls Razor has a "Lifetime Blade". Tooled from "precision tempered" Sheffield steel and hollow ground it's the equal of the finest barber's razor.

Automatically stropped in its case before shaving, honed in its case when necessary, the one blade of a Rolls Razor gives a lifetime of perfect shaves if properly handled.

Buy a Rolls today and get the thrill of a lifetime and a lifetime of thrills every time you shave.



● Compact and complete in its case is razor, strop and hone. A few strokes on the automatic strop before shaving or hone when necessary, and the blade is ready to use. Just slide the "Lifetime Blade" in its handle and start the finest shave you ever had—every day.

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ROLLS RAZOR
WITH A LIFETIME BLADE

(Continued from page 37)

she couldn't stay. So I'm in the long-distance booth at our railroad station, and I've just bought a ticket and am on my way to board the train and I can't talk any longer. I'll arrive at your hotel at seven-thirty tomorrow morning, and you can meet me and . . ."

Henry Pelley finally found voice.

"Hey!" he bellowed.

But he was bellowing into a dead telephone.

AT EIGHT o'clock the next morning—a bright, sparkling morning with birds singing in the trees and all the rest of the world shouting its joy at being alive—a Henry Pelley who looked as though he had slept little, and that little doing him less than no good, approached a tanned, smiling man who was taking practice swings on the golf course's first tee, and whose ball was already teed up between the markers, ready for the start.

And Henry Pelley, who had once been a free man for one whole, complete day, out of a dry throat croaked words of greeting:

"Good morning, Mr. Judson."

The radiant Charles A. Judson returned the greeting.

"Good morning!" he said with happy shout.

Henry Pelley set himself. He inclined his head toward the beaming woman who accompanied him.

"My wife," announced Henry Pelley. "My wife, Mr. Judson." And here the once free Henry Pelley was able to continue only after an effort. "Do you mind . . . if my wife . . . walks around?"

Charles A. Judson left off being a smiling, serene man. He swayed as though struck by a bullet.

And then Charles A. Judson was mumbling: "Why, certainly . . . not at all." And Arlene Pelley was saying, smiling prettily the while: "Why, I always walk around. Imagine Henry's asking you! So pleased to meet you, Mr. Judson. Have you played golf long?"

Charles Judson had played it for twenty years, but there was no evidence of this as he made three haggling waggles . . . drove . . . and topped his ball twenty yards down the fairway.

There are times when, under awful attack, the human mind can do nothing but retreat into its innermost recesses, where, like someone beleaguered in a stone fortress, it dimly hears and sees hideous scenes being enacted outside, and can do nothing to stop them.

So with Henry Pelley. Along the sweet-scented fairways of the course that bright morning he lifted feet and put them down like an automaton; he heard, he saw, and that was all. Saw Charles A. Judson swing and swing and swing at a golf ball. Heard Arlene Pelley talk and talk and talk. And heard within himself, like the reiterated tolling of a bell, the refrain of Gone, Gone, Gone; all chance of doing business with Charles A. Judson, gone, gone, gone!

On the tenth fairway, the mind of Henry Pelley, as the Scotch have it, went fey under all the awful hammering and escaped into the open. Escaped too late, when everything was wrecked—when the faintest chance of ever doing electrical business with a glassy-eyed Charles Judson had vanished beyond the remotest stars—escaped, came bursting forth like a whirlwind, and fell horrifically upon the babbling Arlene.

At the moment of impact, the two Pelleys were alone, Charles A. Judson being on the far side of the fairway and the Pelley caddie looking for a Pelley drive fifty yards from where it was. Down roared the forces of destruction, accompanied by the brandishing of a brassie.

"Beat it!" cried Henry Pelley to Arlene. "Beat it! Get going to that clubhouse, and never"—and here Henry Pelley began to dance—"*never* . . . NEVER walk around with me again!"

The mouth of Arlene Pelley, open on the happy domestic subject of the new cook, continued open, but further words concerning the cook did not issue.

Followed a period of cataclysmic silence, husband regarding wife, and wife regarding husband. And then:

"Why, *Hennie!*" said Arlene.

"Beat it!" gritted the man who had once delighted in being called Hennie.

To the credit of one who had never before looked upon the loosed forces of destruction in any form, Arlene Pelley's reaction was commendable in the extreme—as full of logic as a library devoted solely to that subject.

She beat it.

Henry Pelley turned and strode across the fairway. He came to where Charles A. Judson was just dropping a new ball over his shoulder, and Charles A., seeing him, braced himself for further horrors. Then the eyes of Charles Judson widened, and he looked, and looked again—began to look all about the fairway, searchingly; even to wheeling suddenly and looking behind himself—and then, eyes wider, he found voice. Asked, as one who knew that he shouldn't and yet who was going to ask, come what might.

"Where," said Charles Judson, "Where's . . . your wife?"

"Gone!" said Henry Pelley. "Gone! I sent her back to the clubhouse."

The Judson mouth opened so as to show every tooth.

"You . . . did *what?*"

"Sent her back to the clubhouse," repeated Henry Pelley. "Told her never to follow me around a golf course again. Told her . . ."

AND here the wine of violence and of freedom, which until this hour had never been tasted by Henry Pelley, took full control of him. He began to pour out upon Charles A. Judson all that he might have said had Arlene Pelley been rash enough to stay and debate the issue; poured it out like one who, without ever having ventured from his rural village, tells thrillingly of far-off, savage lands that he has seen.

For all of the length of a long fairway, the Pelley narration lasted . . . hand-to-hand conflict with cannibals, the crossing of desert wastes, the scaling of mountain peaks . . . and then the oratory spent itself . . . ceased . . . and Henry Pelley was no longer the traveler into distant lands, no longer the ten-foot brandisher of a brassie, but a small, slender, unassuming man in his early thirties. One who, like a person awakening from troubled sleep, looks about him with growing realization and horror. Realization that, while out of his mind, he had done something . . . had chased Arlene, wife of his bosom, right off the golf course!

He, Henry Pelley, had been insane.

He looked wildly around. Only one thing to do. One thing! Go find Arlene. Tell her; tell her if he could find her—she had probably started for Reno—tell her that . . .

"Say," he said to the man who trudged beside him; to Charles Judson, who for the past quarter mile had been doing nothing but stare, and stare, and stare, breaking off now and then to hit at a golf ball and then going back to staring. "Say," said Henry Pelley, "I've got to go back to that clubhouse and—"

"No!" said his companion, and caught him by an arm. "No need to overdo it. No need to hit her."

"*Hit* her?" cried Henry Pelley.

"Yes," said his companion—said Charles Judson, the electrical giant. "It was just right. But there's one thing that I'd like to ask you—"

He was doomed never to ask it.

"Charles!" came a voice.

And Emma, wife of Charles A. Judson, was standing before them—large, commanding, Spartan—was confronting the electrical giant with awful gaze, and the giant was dwindling, shrinking to ordinary, to less than ordinary, size . . .

A veil can be—in charity must be—drawn across the scenes of the next quarter hour. The only witnesses, anyway, were a small, unassuming man named Henry Pelley, and two caddies; and who were these when the wife of an electrical giant was telling her runaway golfing husband just what she thought of him? They were dust; merely dust beneath her feet.

"And now," she finally concluded, "what have you to say for yourself? But wait . . . you can tell me as we walk. You know I *always* walk around with you!"

Charles A. Judson, runaway golfing husband, microscopic in size, looked about him. Looked, and caught Henry Pelley's eye. A forlorn Henry Pelley, standing waiting to get a word in edgewise, saying that he was going back to the clubhouse to his loving wife Arlene. Charles Judson, catching that Pelley eye, read in it the unutterable disdain of one who had conquered under similar frightful circumstances, and who now waited . . . waited . . .

With a sudden, dizzying intake of breath, Charles Judson clawed his way up until he was far above his own stature, brandished his putter, and began. And what he told Emma, wife of his heart, was word for word what Henry Pelley, striding down a quarter mile of fairway pouring out molten speech, had said that he said to Arlene.

"There!" concluded Charles A. Judson. "And never follow me again. Never! Come on, Pelley."

He wheeled, linked arms with Henry Pelley, and set off for the next tee. Set off toward the next tee with this small, unassuming man—this genius, this superman, this real giant!

When he had reached the tee, he looked back. No one was to be seen.

Once more Charles A. Judson began to talk to this real giant.

"We'll make you vice president of the electrical sales company to begin with. No, Pelley, don't say a word! You may have other plans, but we'll make things so attractive that . . . And we'll manufacture half a million of your devices a year. Half a million? Let's make it a million. That's all that's needed nowadays to get going again . . . courage. And, Pelley, you've got it. Now, let's start in and play a little real golf."

DOWN the fairway of the eighteenth hole came Henry Pelley and Charles A. Judson. Like gods of old they strode the earth. They holed out.

"We'll find 'em waiting on the clubhouse porch," said Charles A. Judson.

"Sure," said Henry Pelley.

They didn't.

"Well, inside then," amended Charles A. Judson.

Again they didn't.

"Or . . . or somewhere around," concluded Charles Judson.

"Of course," said Henry Pelley.

They did. And Henry Pelley and Charles Judson stopped, and blinked, and peered, and kept on peering. Over on the practice tee, watching the club pro . . . listening to him . . . were two women. Each was swinging a golf club.

Arlene Pelley and Emma Judson had taken up golf. Had really taken up golf.

The peering Charles A. Judson and Henry Pelley continued to look. . . . Husbands . . . no longer gods.

Brief were the words of Charles Judson when he finally found voice.

"Frying pan!"

Henry Pelley was even more succinct. What he said was:

"Fire."

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You Sing Something

Continued from page 15

sparkle. Glow as you used to before you ever heard of clubs and colleges."

"I am having a lot of fun," Chirp informed her with dignity.

"Yes; about as much, I should say, as an old maid at a Mother's Club meeting."

They executed a few intricate steps in a corner.

". . . How'm I doin'? Hey! Hey! Twee Twee Twee Twah Twah! . . ."

The Runt took it up and hummed it: "How'm I doin'? Hey! Hey!—"

"Very well," Chirp observed icily. "At least with Kenneth Gledhill."

She drew her pretty head back and looked up at him with mingled reproach and amusement.

"It never has occurred to you that I've grown up, has it?" she inquired. "Poor, blind Chirp! Haven't you seen me dancing with other men as well as Ken? I'm noticed—believe it or not!"

"LISTEN!" said Chirp warningly. "Some one of these smoothies is apt to rush you off to a corner and try to convince you that you're older than you look and ready for love. I'm sticking around to protect you, even if—"

A hand tapped his shoulder; a voice spoke: "May I?"

It was Bradford Swan—Owl and Hasty Pudding clubs, and a man whom Chirp had always liked—if admiring from a distance may be called liking. He released The Runt graciously.

"Of course," he assented, and made his way back to the stag line.

So The Runt could command the attention of a fellow like Swan! Swan was outstanding: aside from major sports he also managed the Pudding Show. How quickly The Runt had changed! From where he stood he caught fleeting glimpses of her slim little figure in Swan's arms—no! Hoke Tolman had her now! She was making the grade in a large way. She was pretty too. Almost as much so as her sisters. Sometimes more fascinating, even.

He sighed; then assumed a casual and artificially preoccupied expression, which is ever the heritage of the wet stag.

It was thus that Kenneth Gledhill found him a few dances later. Gledhill had the lovely Betty Gibson on his arm.

He said: "Dennis, Miss Gibson wants to meet you. *Why* I cannot imagine. However, here he is, Betty. Don't collapse, Dennis."

Chirp tried an easy and assured smile; sensed suddenly that it was fatuously eager; attempted a quick change to one more polished; muffed it and let it freeze as it was.

"May I . . . Shall we . . ."

"Yes," said Miss Gibson, "let's."

He took her in his arms and found his panic gone at the end of a half-dozen steps. She followed him marvelously. He had just begun to enjoy himself when the music stopped.

"Aw, what a break," he said with vast and sincere disappointment.

She smiled.

"I knew it was going to stop," she said. "I also know that there's going to be quite an intermission, now, and a buffet. That's why I asked to meet you."

"Really?" Chirp was not at all convinced he was hearing correctly.

"Yes; you see I met a sweet little girl upstairs just after I arrived. She told me there was a boy here who could perform miracles."

"Miracles?"

"Yes; on a guitar."

"Oh!" said Chirp.

"She also told me that you once said my voice deserved a Tiffany setting. Did you?"

Chirp reddened.

"Something like that," he admitted.

"And that you said you could give it to me."

"Oh, see here, Miss Gibson—"

"Come along," she interrupted and grasped one of his hands in hers to draw him after her across the floor. She paused briefly by the disintegrating dance band:

"Lend me your true love, Phil? Just for a while?"

"Sure thing, Betty."

"Thanks." She took the guitar and handed it to Chirp. "Follow me," she commanded.

He was vaguely conscious of following stares; he perked up a bit and managed to throw a touch of *savoir-faire* into his stride. They passed out of the room and turned to go down a long hallway into a remote wing.

"Ken told me," she said, "that I'd find something down here very detached and studioish. This must be it." She indicated a short flight of steps going up alongside the wall to open on a small balcony, in the rear of which could be seen a wide doorway.

"Come on up."

He followed her to the balcony.

"Um! Very lah-lah!" she said, as she surveyed the room within. "Let's enter and see if a mood awaits us."

She sat on a low, soft divan.

"Right here, Chirp. Beside me. There. That's good. Now do some stuff."

Chirp swung the guitar into position.

"All right. I was thinking . . ."—he stirred up a small burst of melody with his fingers—". . . that part in Blue Prelude where you sing 'sorr-o-ow,' I could—"

"You have a voice, too," she commented.

"Not much of one. Anyway, supposing I give you a little vamp—*this* way." His stroke became rhythmic and his chords deep and resonant. "You sing—and when you hit it, hold it for a moment and I'll give you a slow break through diminishing minors. Okay?"

FOR answer she laid her head back on the cushions and lifted her curiously husky voice. The room filled with its rich cadence. Chirp caught his tongue between his teeth in his earnestness, and coaxed the instrument in his hands to reflect the plaintive sadness that sounded in her song.

"Oh, dig my grave!" she exclaimed when they were through. "Are you hot on that thing! And blue!"

"Well, it was just an idea."

"*What* an idea! Now *you* sing something."

"Do you care for this?" He was off into the strains of Rocking Chair; he affected a rasp in his voice which quite belied his youth. Moaningly he came to the end, chained, so said his song, to this "raw-kin chayyer."

"Gorgeous!" she breathed.

Chirp was beginning to feel decidedly swell. He grinned.

"Your turn," he announced.

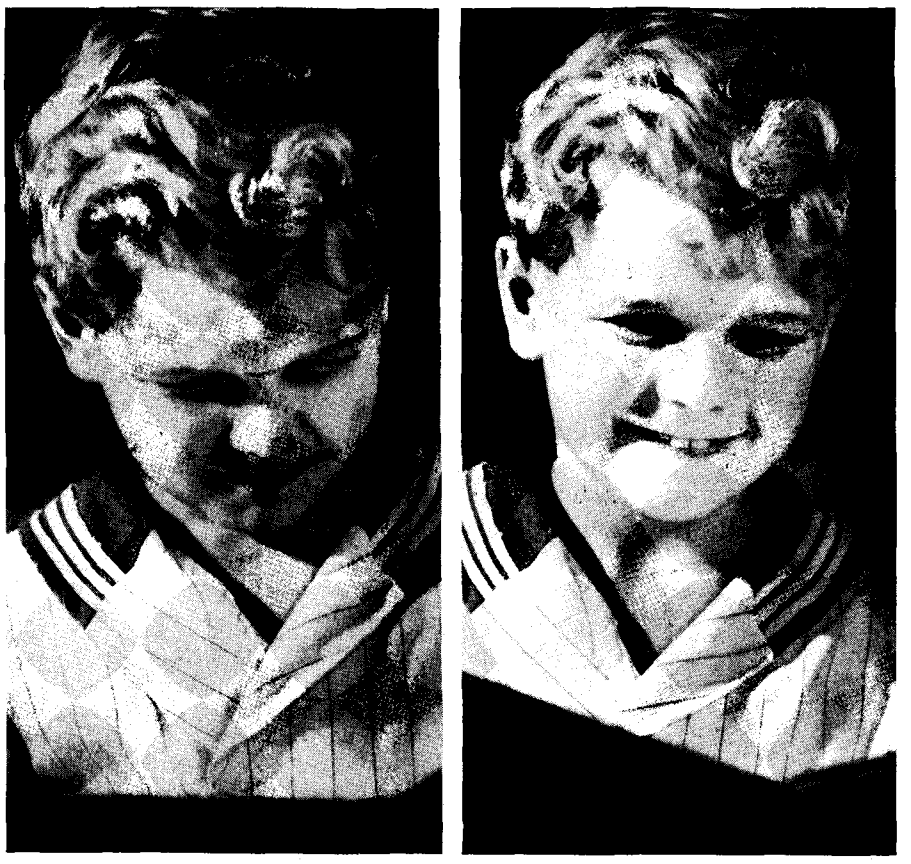
"Do you know Cabin in the Cotton?"

He nodded happy assent and plucked a few preliminary bars for her. Again she sang.

"Here," said Chirp when she was through, "is something for you to guess at."

(Continued on page 40)

Look at the difference in the little boy's eyes



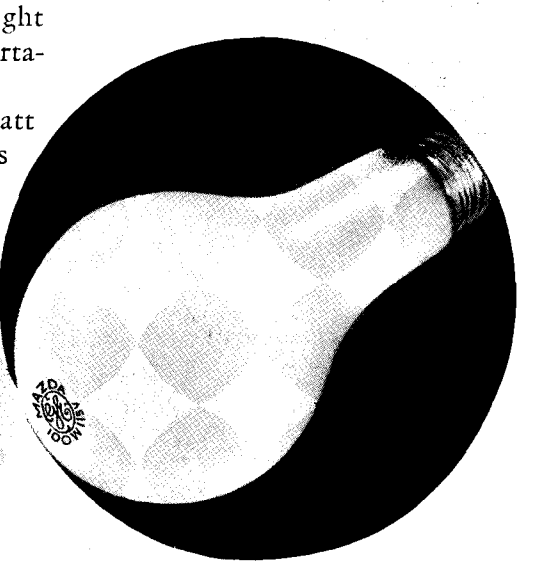
BETTER LIGHT *means* BETTER SIGHT

IF YOUR child frowns over his homework, or holds his book closer than fourteen inches from his eyes, it is a danger signal. He needs more light, a visit to the eye specialist, or both. Eye strain is often responsible for permanent eye trouble.

Your lamps may be partly to blame. If they are of inferior make, they may be cheating you out of much of the light your eyes require for comfortable vision.

For example, a faulty 60-watt lamp actually uses 60 watts of current every hour, but it may give only 40 watts' worth of light. Remember, the dimmer the light, the greater the eye strain.

There is one sure way to know that your lamps will give you all the light their wattage indicates. Use lamps that have this GE monogram on the bulbs. It is your assurance, not only of the good light that is needed for eye protection, but of good light at low cost.



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Duofold Health Underwear

DUOFOLD, *Inc.* Dept. B-3, Mohawk, N.Y.

(Continued from page 39)

Something out of Africa came from his strings, touched with haunting strains from the West Indies: in it was the nostalgia of a homeless race; it was a song for wood-hewers and those who draw water for the world—sung to ease the ache of labor; a song for a brown girl who, through the smoke of a cheap little night club, sees, with sunflower eyes, a deep, shadowed jungle a continent away.

"Mood Indigo!" she whispered.

He nodded.

"Play it again."

She let her voice drift into the music; under, above and through his chords. With racing fingers he gave her a softly plucked obbligato and lifted his voice to join her in the lament. It came to a close with a series of catching, teasing, wailing chords—to leave them, still held in its spell, gazing intently at each other. The moment was heavily fraught with possibilities; then suddenly it was broken—broken by a rising clatter of applause and the sounds of voices and people.

Betty jumped up and ran out on the balcony, as became a true professional person. Chirp remained seated. He saw her wave her hand and laugh; then she turned.

"Your public wants you," she said.

He shook his head in confusion.

"You'll have to anyway," she insisted. "This is the only way out."

Chirp got up and walked, a little self-consciously, out on the balcony. His intent was to continue on down the stairs; then he realized he was being rude and stood back to permit Betty to precede him. She refused to move.

"Bow!" she commanded laughingly.

CHIRP looked out at the group gathered below them in the hall. They seemed to be decidedly friendly. He grinned instead of bowing. It seemed to do, for a fresh outburst of applause arose.

"Dennis!"

He looked down: it was Brad Swan standing at the foot of the stairs and beckoning to him.

"Chirp!"

He turned: Betty was saying something to him. He moved closer so that he might hear her:

"My show opens in New York week after next. I'm giving a party at The Ritz the night we close in Boston. I want you to come. There'll be people—"

"Dennis!" Brad Swan called again.

Chirp, torn between courtesy and a summons he was most anxious to answer, said: "Excuse me, please!" and ran down the stairs.

Swan slipped a hand under his arm and began the long walk back with him.

He said: "Haven't you been hiding your light under a bushel?"

Chirp started to say "No"; but realized it would sound fatuously modest—so said instead: "Haven't meant to, sir."

"Let's see," Swan continued, "weren't you a lightweight boxer last year? And didn't you cox the Freshman crew?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so. Well, what I was going to suggest is this: why don't you drop around to my rooms some day next week? We're planning the next Pudding Show, you know. I should like to see you about it."

Chirp grinned very happily.

"I'd be glad to," he said, with a ballooning heart.

The Pudding Show! What corking luck! After all, you couldn't be in it unless you belonged. Swan must mean something like that. How swell! Where was The Runt? He must tell someone. The Runt would do. He looked about anxiously. Swan seemed to sense his intent and the purpose of it.

"I think," he said, "that you'll find her up in the billiard-room—with Gledhill."

"Thanks," said Chirp. "You'll excuse me?"

He dashed off up the great center staircase. The billiard-room was dim and shadowy, with only a faint light showing from the hall without. So dim, in fact, that for a moment after his entrance Chirp could not distinguish objects. Then his ears caught a little distressed sound, and his eyes discerned a flutter of white on a window seat in the corner that moved within an encircling band of black. It was The Runt. Gledhill, in spite of her protesting gestures, held her in his arms. Chirp raced down between the wall and the billiard table. His hands clutched at Gledhill's arms and ripped them away. Gledhill rose to his feet; so did The Runt.

"The nasty, fumbly thing," she stormed.

Chirp swung: all his repressed hatred of Gledhill, plus one or two other intense emotions which he could not describe either then or later, went into the blow. It cracked, clean and sharp, against Gledhill's jaw, and from the swift stab of pain along his arm, Chirp knew it had the business in it. The big fellow went back a few staggering paces, then straightened up. A long moment of silence followed—strained and portentous. Gledhill broke it. He said: "Did you do that because I once wrote you up as an ass?"

Chirp's first impulse was to advance and strike again. Something about the other man's unruffled poise held him back. He considered a moment. "No," he said, at last and truthfully. "You know why I did it as well as I do."

Gledhill turned to The Runt.

"I'm sorry," he said simply. "Won't you forgive me?"

The Runt smiled a little tremulously.

"It's all right, Ken," she said. "I'm sorry too. I mean, you really aren't nasty like I said. It's just that . . . well, anyway, it's quite all right."

Gledhill executed a little bow: there was really something very gallant about it. "Thank you," he said; then he straightened up and looked at Chirp.

"Dennis, I'm glad to see that you've grown up."

He turned, after that, and left the room. When his footsteps had died away Chirp relaxed and rubbed the knuckles of an aching fist. The Runt apparently was waiting for him to speak.

"I told you, didn't I—" he began.

"Oh, Chirp! Are you going to be like that?"

"Like what?"

"You look here, Chirp Dennis!" The Runt stamped an imperious little foot. "It's time someone told *you* something. Who arranged this whole business? Who told Betty Gibson that you were swell on the guitar? Who went around after you'd left the room with her and told everyone that a perfectly marvelous act was going on down in the south wing? And who got Ken Gledhill up here so that he couldn't in any way crab your stuff? How did I know he'd suddenly go Tarzan on me? And even if he did he was nice about it—a little: he compared my eyes to blue sunbursts and my mouth to a sweet red promise. Even if it was drivel it's more than *you've* ever said to me. You make me sick! Positively sick! I'm through with you!" Here The Runt gathered up her skirts and started for the door. "Through with you!" she repeated in a small broken voice as she passed him.

IT TOOK Chirp a moment to recover from this tempest; when he did, however, he raced after her; caught her little elbow in his hand and faced her about. He held her dainty chin cupped in his hand, and looked in her eyes for a long, long time. They were pretty eyes, he decided, and discovered, directly he'd made the decision, that he'd known they were pretty for a good many years, but just hadn't thought much about it.

"I'm sorry," he said, very sincerely. "Really I am, Runt."

"Oh, Chirp . . . if you only were . . . just once . . . really."

"You know I am, Runt."

That, in itself, seemed to be sufficient for both of them. He slipped her hand through his arm and with her walked toward the stairs. All the way down she smiled—smiled right at Chirp—and he smiled right back at her. It seemed to have a curious, almost a hypnotic, effect upon them; for by the time they reached the bottom they were oblivious of all else save each other: in fact, Chirp heard his name spoken several times before he actually became conscious that someone was addressing him. Finally he paused and looked: it was Betty Gibson. She came quite close to him and said: "You haven't told me. Are you coming to my party?"

Chirp's expression was a little vacuous but he was wide open for anything.

"Thank you," he said, with a happy smile. "Miss Bloodgood and I accept with pleasure."

"The doctor warned him not to think too deeply, but there he goes"

Sydney Hoff

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Fur Bearings

Continued from page 19

that can give a bigger wallop to the price of what women wear—mention it. I dare you.

Well, here's a fashion note. Perhaps you've never thought much of muskrat. The best it could do for itself was to get plucked, dyed black and called Hudson seal. This year it's not masquerading. Unplucked, undyed, unblushing, it's being flaunted by the fur-bearing mannequins of Fifth Avenue. I saw coats of it at Bergdorf Goodman's—long-haired, deep and dusky, with ebony strips (not even blended) in such classic models as mink or sable might assume. This is the black muskrat, carefully selected, meticulously matched, each skin cut into as many eighth-of-an-inch strips as mink itself, soft and supple and frantically becoming.

The Swagger Coat to the Fore

Alaska seal, dyed black or a new golden brown called logwood, is staging a comeback—a resurrection of the fur our grandmothers wore. This United States Government fur (all Alaska sealskins are owned by and sold for the United States Government) was important at the Paris openings and is slim-looking enough to please the youngest of us.

One of the big moments in fur fashions this fall is the swagger coat—which means a straight, loose-backed coat, three-quarters or seven-eighths length, its informality accentuated by patch pockets, a casual cravat or tie-ends of the fur, and sometimes even by a plaid silk-and-wool lining.

These coats are apt to be in Persian lamb, krimmer or nutria. They are sometimes shown in sports ensembles—the discreet plaid lining of the coat, usually in brown tones, being used for a matching skirt or dress. Or a cloth suit will be worn with a leopard cape lined to match.

Even ermine is becoming informal, getting itself made up into swagger coats for evening, so smart they'll back the full-length, classic models off the boards. They have small collars, standing collars or jaunty little ties instead of the billowing waves of sudsy ermine usual on the prima donna wraps. Some have full balloon sleeves, and some have plain straight sleeves—but balloon or straight, they all look as if they were going to the races instead of to the opera.

And, of course, just as I get this down on paper, along comes a duck of an ermine wrap, gracious as royalty, flowing clear to the heels, with a square yoke and enormous cream-puff sleeves, and calls me liar. . . .

Well, it takes all kinds to make a season.

Conspiracy

Continued from page 21

fact that in boyhood he had chosen her made it imperative that he stick to his choice in manhood.

Looking back, he realized that pride, not affection, had been hurt when Lucy jilted him. With Lucy there had been placidity, certainty. Life had been a direct road, with few grades. But with Phyllis, in even these few days, life was complex, bewildering, filled with steep ascents and limitless drops. And so he knew, with clear finality, that he had held warm liking, deep affection, for Lucy; whereas, with Phyllis, his heart was stormy with passion. And passion was the greater thing.

And here, upon this park bench, he came to final understanding. His passion was aroused by an unworthy person. He tossed aside an idea which he had entertained all through maturity, that love died when one discovered its object was unworthy. Affection might die, liking might die, but love was different. He understood, too, what was meant by the saying that love and hate were akin. He had never hated Lucy. She had never aroused in him a passion capable of entertaining hate at the same time that it greeted love. But this girl, who waited for him in the stolen place she had usurped, had awakened in him emotions he had never known.

Out of the turmoil of his thoughts came, at last, resolution. If she truly loved him, she would not censure him because he had held dreadful doubts of her. If she confessed to him that she thought him a murderer, a thief, *he* would forgive her those doubts of him. If, by incredible chance she could clear away the suspicions pointing at her, *she* would forgive him his thoughts—if she truly loved him. And if she were guilty—then, loving her as he did, he would nevertheless denounce her. Oh, he might give her opportunity to make her escape, but he would force her to surrender her stolen place, even if life never held another happy moment for him.

"Hey, Buddy, got a dime?"

From the end of the bench where he sat came the request. Evans looked at the man, a tattered, shabby, spirit-broken wreck.

"No?" The man misinterpreted his hesitation. "Well, you white-collar guys have it tougher than us bums, I guess. You got a front to keep up. You pay for laundry when your stomach craves grub. Forget it. Say, thanks, thanks."

HE WAS still muttering his gratitude as Evans walked away. As for Evans, the encounter, oddly enough, lifted his spirits. He had thought himself the most miserable—because the most doubting man in the world. But here was one who had lost all hope, was reduced to random charity. The beggar had nothing; Evans had at least his manhood. Faced with the problem of living, the beggar asked aid from strangers. He Evans, faced with a problem, would ask aid only of himself, of his own character. He admitted, with an inward smile, that his reasoning was far-fetched; nevertheless, something about the encounter banished his weakness. Perhaps the beggar's weakness made him conscious of his own latent strength.

He went directly to the Benedict house on the Avenue, and rang the doorbell. He noted that the shades were drawn on the upper windows and that the house bore those signs, felt rather than seen, of semi-occupancy. To the maid who responded to his ring he gave his name and was directed to a room on the ground floor. And there, even more desirable in the cloudy negligee than she had been last night, she met him.

She came toward him, her lips slightly parted, her hands outstretched. But

(Continued on page 42)

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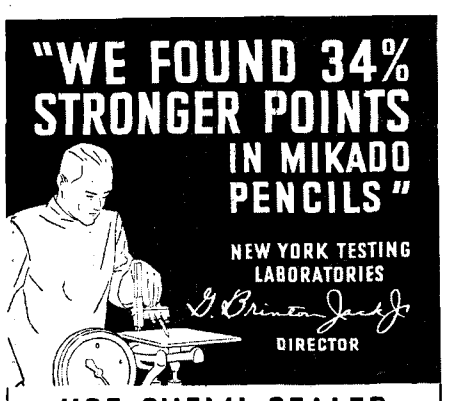

USE CHEMI-SEALED
EAGLE
MIKADO
35 MILES FOR A NICKEL

(Continued from page 41)

he ignored the invitation of her manner. He touched her hands slightly and stepped back from her.

"Phyllis, I want to ask you a question."

If alarm was in her heart she gave no evidence of it. Her great black eyes were tender as she looked at him.

"Ask it," she smiled.

"Who are you?"

She pursed her lips; she frowned faintly.

"Who am I? I'm Phyllis Benedict, the girl you're going to marry, the girl you love, the girl who loves you. Does that answer the question satisfactorily?"

He shook his head.

"I want the truth, Phyllis—if that's your name."

"You think it isn't?" she asked. Puzzlement, faint offense, the exact offense that should be taken when a lover is too brusque, were in her eyes and voice now.

"I *know* it isn't," he said flatly. "I don't know what your name really is, or what you really are. But I know you're not Phyllis Benedict."

SHE moved back from him now, so that they stood two yards apart.

"I think—you're rather strange this morning, Doyle."

"Because I want the truth from you? Because I've discovered that you're an impostor, that you're tied up with murderers, thieves—you're the girl who was with Mike Pelletiere that night in Lanson's. I knew you the moment I saw you. I told you then that I thought I recognized you. And you made me believe that I was mistaken. But I wasn't. I couldn't have been mistaken. Your hair, the way you walk. . . . You're not Phyllis Benedict. I want to know who you are."

"You realize what you are saying, Doyle?" she asked quietly. She was so calm, her air of hurt dignity was so perfect that, had the evidence been less convincing, had he done less battle in his heart over this matter, he would have doubted his own reasoning now.

"Do you realize what you are doing?" he cried wildly. "An impersonation, a mean, lying, cheating impersonation, is bad enough. But murder! Listen to me. Paul of Lanson's was killed yesterday. Do you want me to tell you why? Because Degas, that same Degas you met with me last night, had come to New York to see Paul. Paul had written him that he had seen the girl who was with Pelletiere the night he was killed, and that that girl was involved in a great crime. And Paul is dead. And that girl who called on me two nights ago—I told you about her. I pretended to you that I believed her story, but I didn't.

"What sort of fool did you take me for, to think that you could send another woman to me and make me believe that she was the girl I had seen with Pelletiere? And she telephoned me last night, left word for me to call on her this morning. And when I went there—she was dead. Suicide, someone told me. But *Paul* didn't kill himself. Nor did she. She wanted to tell me something—and it must have been about you—and she's dead. And there must be no more slaughter. I don't know who's behind you—but if more murders are necessary, they won't hesitate. I'm sure of that. And there are to be no more. You're going to confess to the Benedicts the dreadful thing you've done."

"You'd make me do that?" she gasped. "Then what?"

He stared at her; she was white, and her large eyes were round. The thin nostrils quivered faintly, almost imperceptibly. He saw that her famous hands were clasped together, so tightly that the skin was white over the knuckles. Her bosom lifted and dropped beneath the negligee.

"Why, then," said the voice of Johnson Fay, "he'd probably visit you once a month for the next ten or twenty years, and after you got out of the hoosegow he'd probably marry you."

Through the portières he came, slim, menacing, too immaculate. His right hand was carried lazily in his jacket pocket.

"Sure, Minnie, I've read about guys like this. Wasn't there a Roman pappy that slipped the kiddies to the executioner? You know, guys that love but put that old honor thing first. You gotta pay, baby, you gotta pay. He wants you to take the rap. Well, it's good luck that I'm here to listen."

"Isn't it?" said Evans. "Now I don't have to search for the man behind her. He's right here, and—"

He leaped forward, in a long, diving tackle, as Fay's revolver appeared in his hand. But Johnson Fay, though he had never played football, had been in scrimmages much rougher than anything that Evans had ever encountered in his schoolday games. He side-stepped as swiftly and gracefully as a trained boxer; his right hand went through an arc; the butt of his weapon struck Evans upon the forehead; the long, diving tackle ended in a crash.

Fay's left hand shot out and gripped the girl's cheeks brutally, compressing her lips into a grotesque pout.

"Not a yip, baby, not a yip," he whispered. "Don't lose your nerve. I got two boys outside in a closed car, and it's a cinch if you keep your head."

He released his cruel grip; two red stains appeared on either side of her mouth as he strode to the door. Speechless, she watched him as he glanced up and down the hall, as he closed the door, as he returned to her.

He bent over Evans, then straightened up.

"He's out for half an hour, anyway," he said. "By that time we'll be way up in the Bronx and he'll get the works—"

"YOU'RE going to kill him?" she breathed.

"Sure I am. Why not? I got Paul, didn't I? And Gundstrom this morning. Why not?"

"Because you can't," she cried. "I won't let you. I never knew—I never dreamed—Paul—Lisa—how could I guess a thing like that? And now—him. I won't stand for it."

"Oh, no? You won't stand for it, eh? I suppose I'm to play nursie to him, get him all fixed up, and go with him to the police while he spills his little tale. I'm sorry if you like the guy. But liking—or loving—when there's eighty million waiting—he goes out."

"If he does, I'll—"

"Well, you'll what?" he demanded.

"I'll confess. I'll tell the Benedicts, the police—"

He stared at her. Sudden lines appeared, running from his nostrils in slight curves down to the corners of his mouth. He looked, not a possible forty, but well over fifty.

"Baby, if you did that—we were going to split, you and I. Oh, it was all fair and square. You could slip me plenty while the old folks lived—and that wouldn't be long." He smiled as she gasped. "So you didn't get that one, eh? I'll say you were innocent. Did you think I was going to wait thirty years? Certainly not. The Benedicts were going to have a swell accident, then you were going to inherit and split with old J. F. And you think old J. F. will let his bit of eighty million slide away? Baby, if you squeal—I'll kill you."

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She met his gaze defiantly.

"Nevertheless," she said softly, "I'll squeal."

Johnson Fay had, as he phrased it himself, been around a long time. He knew determination when he met it. This girl would wreck everything.

"I believe you would," he said slowly. "You're just the kind of a fat-head frail to get an upset stomach. You make me pretty sick. Years of planning—hell, you can't do this to me. I'll kill him now—here—"

For a moment she feared that in rage he would fulfill his threat. Then his finger released its pressure on the trigger. He eyed her speculatively.

"Wasn't there some talk about a trust fund your grandmother left? I mean the Benedict dame's mother. Weren't you declared legally dead when there was some chatter about taxes being paid? The Benedicts didn't want you declared dead, but their lawyers made them stand for it. Your mother, old Polly, has that dough. You said something about her wanting to transfer it to you. Two million, isn't it, now? Didn't she tell you so? Well, listen, baby, you get that. You turn it over to me. One week after I've got it I'll turn this lad over to you.

"You get that inheritance of Grammaw transferred to you. Dear old Grammaw! Wouldn't she toss her old bones around her tomb if she knew J. F. was going to spend that dough!

"But you do that. And I'll keep Evans safe and sound, so he can slap you into jail as soon as I release him. Two million, when I expected forty! But old J. F. is getting along. Maybe two million is enough for him. But he's going to get that. Or else. What about it?"

She looked at Evans, now stirring, faintly groaning.

"You—promise—you—won't hurt him? How can I trust you?"

"You can't, baby," he said cheerfully. "But it's your only chance. You gamble on me because you have to. That's all. But, at that, I'll play square. Why not? I know how to get away. I have a hide-out where I'll be safe. I'll think of you when I'm there, you in the pen because you were sap enough not to let me bump off a guy that can't button his lip. But that's your business. Now I'll get moving."

MRS. BENEDICT looked up at the sound of footsteps. She held up a frail hand.

"Please—don't move—stand right there, Phyllis darling," she said.

The girl halted in the open French window that led out upon the brick-floored, glass-enclosed porch.

"Why, Mother, don't you want me to kiss you?" she asked.

Mrs. Benedict laughed happily.

"I want to look at you a moment. You can't understand, Phyllis. No one can really understand except your father. You see—you didn't know of us—and so you didn't miss us. But we—Phyllis, I've never been in a room but that I haven't looked toward the door, wondering if you'd ever appear in the entrance. And now that God has given you back to us—I like to have you stand there, just a moment, before you come to me, and I can touch you, kiss you. Oh, my baby girl, you'll never know—"

Her words were drowned in the smother of the girl's embrace. She felt tears, not her own, upon her cheeks.

"Why, Phyllis, I didn't mean to make you cry. Dear, you mustn't—Daddy will scold me; he'll say I made you unhappy."

"But you didn't, Mother," said the girl. She lifted her head from Mrs. Benedict's breast and dabbed at her eyes with a wisp of linen. "Did you miss me?" she asked. "I mean, last night."

"I worried," said Mrs. Benedict. "Oh," she cried, "I shouldn't have told you that. Jason made me promise not to. Your father is wonderful, Phyllis. He talked to me last night. He said that you must leave us occasionally, that it wasn't normal for a young girl to spend every night with her parents, that we must give you the same freedom that we would give you if—if we hadn't lost you for so long. But I was frightened, and he told me that there were two night watchmen at the Fifth Avenue house every night, as well as the servants we always leave there. And I got over my fear. Only—you understand, don't you?"

"Of course, Mother," said the girl. "And I hated to stay in town, only—"

"Of course. You have to be nice to that good Mr. Fay. He asks so little, never imposes on the fact that you worked for him so long, and that he treated you well. I'd hate to have it seem that you ignore him now."

"And it was really too late to come home after the theater, especially as he wanted me to go to supper with him."

"CERTAINLY," agreed Mrs. Benedict. "Oh, he deserves well of us all. I wish there was something we could do for him. Is he—is he well-to-do, darling? I mean, would he be offended if we—well, if Daddy put something into his business? Furs. He's in furs, isn't he? "If we could help him—"

"Oh, if anyone did, I wish it could be myself," said the girl. "I could do it—well, if he needed help—and I think he does—he'd take it from me, perhaps. If I had money of my own—"

"*If* you had," laughed Mrs. Benedict. "Have you forgotten the papers you signed last week?"

"Daddy put some more money into my bank account, didn't he?"

"For a girl who was, according to testimony, a most competent stenographer, you are rather careless about business matters, aren't you? Those papers you signed were an acknowledgment of my transfer to you of your grandmother's estate. You see, the property was taken over by me when you had been gone seven years. The executors insisted. But now—it's all yours. The certificates are in your own safe-deposit box. At least, I suppose they are. But probably not. No, I don't think they are. Patterson and Beaseley must still have them. Of course. My mother's lawyers. Even when I took over the estate I left the securities with them. I couldn't bear to touch the property that belonged to my baby girl. You must call on old Mr. Patterson some day. He'll give you a list of all the holdings. Tell me, what play did you see?"

"A revue," said the girl, absently. So, she was already owner of the amount Fay required for the ransom of Doyle Evans.

"Was it good? I understand they're dreadful, filled with naked hussies and terrible innuendoes. I should love to see one," she added naïvely.

"I wonder when I could see Mr. Patterson," said the girl.

"Oh, any time," said Mrs. Benedict carelessly. "Tell me about Doyle Evans. Is he nice?"

"Why—yes," said the girl.

"Well, don't get too interested," said the older woman. "You are going to see all the men in the world, my dear." She looked up as a servant came out on the porch. "Luncheon? Very well."

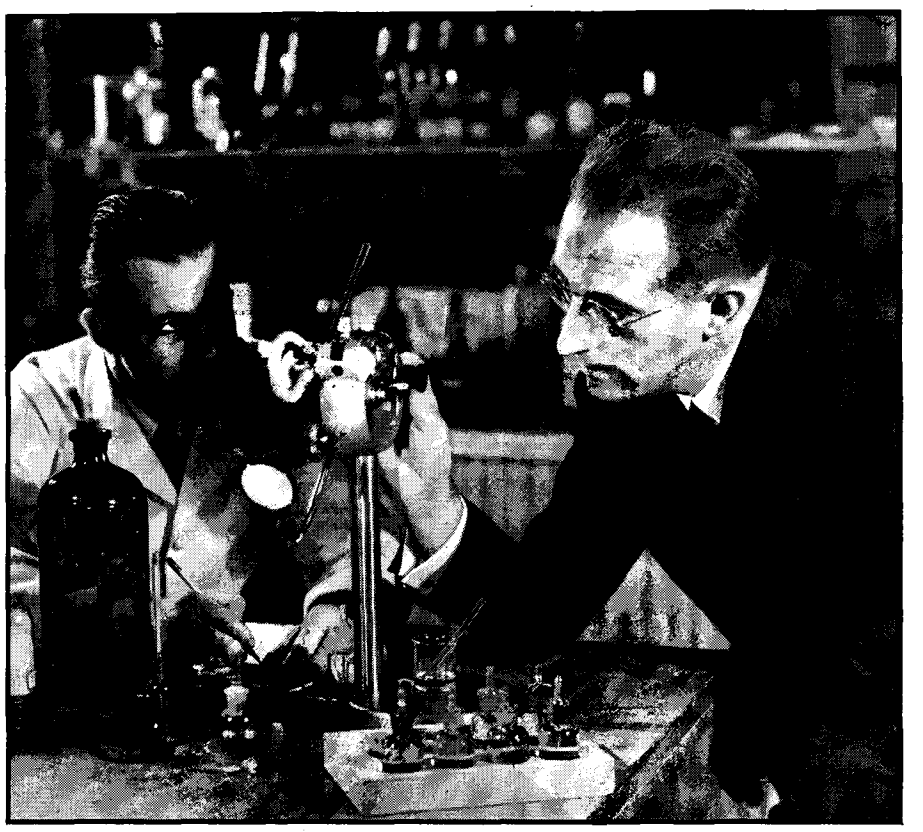
Degas grinned.

"A good surgeon should make an excellent barber," he said.

Dr. Peary, thin, ascetic, dignified, frowned at his patient.

"How do I know, Degas, that you aren't the most unmitigated liar on

(Continued on page 44)



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(Continued from page 43)

earth? How do I know that you haven't murdered your wife and aren't making me an accomplice in your escape?"

Degas beamed on his questioner.

"I understand those doubts, my doctor. For Degas to sacrifice his beard—there must be a reason most extraordinary."

"Nasty germ-catcher," said Peary. "You ought to have got rid of it years ago."

Degas stiffened.

"Men have died for less than that, my friend," he said. Then he grinned. "Imagine. Degas, that student of life and living, to have cared so much for an adornment that a peasant might have equaled. Consider! It takes no intellect to raise a beard. It takes little more than time and a certain care. Yet I have looked upon it as a major achievement. I have been sensitive about that beard. Only yesterday I slapped the face of a man who commented unfavorably upon its appearance. A second man I almost struck because I fancied he found humor in my whiskers.

"And yet—ponder this, my friend. Why did Degas always look for affront when people glanced his way? Why was Degas quick to take offense? Lying here in your so superb hospital, I, Degas, have discovered why I have been sensitive about my beard. Because—Degas confesses all—because I was ashamed of it. Now—I feel like apologizing to all those who have looked with humor upon this beard."

DR. PEARY smiled. Grave surgeon, living only for his work, he had watched a new world unfold before his amazed eyes when, some years ago, Degas had been brought to his hospital for a sudden operation. He had almost neglected other patients, so interested was he in Degas' reminiscences about crime and criminals. Yet now he hesitated, toying uncertainly with the shears in his hand.

"You know, I'm doing an extraordinary thing, Degas. That bruise on your forehead is self-inflicted. I wonder that that dolt at the Splendid didn't realize as much. Incidentally, you might have acquired a genuine concussion, my friend. Now—you come to me with a self-inflicted injury. You tell me that a band of American criminals are conspiring against you, that you are in danger of your life, and that unless you can disguise yourself you cannot proceed with some insane investigation which you do not disclose to me.

"You wish me to cut off your beard. You wish me to order my staff to take part in a conspiracy. I am to pretend—and the staff likewise—that you are here, suffering from a concussion, while all the time you will be wandering about the streets. It's unethical, it may be criminal—and I will do it on one condition only."

"And that, my friend?" asked Degas.

"That is that you tell me, at the conclusion of your investigation, all about it."

Degas extended a meaty hand; Dr. Peary gripped it.

"It is a bargain," said Degas. "Proceed."

Five minutes later Degas looked at himself in a mirror. A ragged, stubby growth, where once had been the luxuriance of the jungle, confronted his horror-stricken eyes. Then mirth appeared in those eyes. He fondled his chin. He turned to the amused physician.

"Ah, Degas, when he is cleanly shaved—Degas will be a mere youth. I will seem not over—thirty?" He questioned the doctor with his eyes. "Thirty-five? No? Well, surely not over forty?"

"Thirty-eight," grinned Peary.

"You are not too generous," protested the Frenchman. "Now—the soap, the brush, the razor."

Five minutes longer he stood before the mirror, voicing an occasional "ouch" as the razor pulled against the tender skin. Then, whiskerless, he faced Peary.

"Thirty-eight, you say?"

"Not a day over thirty-seven," conceded the physician.

"And Degas is forty-six," cried the Frenchman triumphantly. "Now—the back stairs, my friend. I seek a quiet exit and—disappearance. But remember—I am still here, too ill to see anyone. You understand?"

"No, I don't," said Peary, "and if the police come looking for a bearded Frenchman who stole the gold reserve from the Bank of France, I shall confess all. Incidentally, what are you posing as?"

Degas frowned.

"I do not comprehend."

"You have on, at the moment," said Peary, "black trousers with a faint white stripe; your brawny shoulders and chest are encased in a black cutaway coat. You wear spats."

Degas' brows, still heavily luxuriant, lifted.

"The costume—it is not *de rigueur?*"

"Well, what American wears such a costume?"

"But, consider—I cannot pass as an American. I shall be—from the Argentine. Still, these clothes. Of course. Degas would have realized their inappropriateness himself. But thank you. I will purchase other apparel. A million thanks, my friend. You will hear from me."

"Or the police," grunted Peary. But he watched the Frenchman go without real fear that the police would come calling. He stood a moment in thought. In the operating-room ready for the ether, lay as entertaining a liver as a surgeon could demand. While he, with keen instruments, was performing miracles upon that liver, Degas would be living romance. Dr. Peary shrugged. Every man to his last—or scalpel. He mounted to the operating-room.

Degas slipped unobtrusively out of the rear exit of the Wanderers' Hospital. The sun caressed his shaven cheeks and he rubbed them uncertainly. Shielded from air and light for twenty years, they might respond not too amiably to the attentions of nature. He must remember to buy, among his other purchases, some lotion for the skin.

FOUR hours later a man descended the three steps that led from the revolving doors of the Hotel Centralia to the sidewalk. Smooth-shaven, dressed in well-enough fitting blue flannels and a gray fedora, he might well have passed for an American or Englishman. Of course, when one heard his voice, one realized that he was a foreigner, a Latin of some sort, probably. And one might wonder—if one were tremendously observant—why a Spaniard, or Italian, or South American, had such a pale face. Degas realized this imperfection in his disguise, but—one did the best one could and let it go at that. An illness could account for his pallor. Let it, then, be an illness in the event of questioning.

He took a taxi to Forty-second Street and ascended in the elevator to Doyle Evans' office. Of the pretty secretary he made an inquiry. She looked at him as at a stranger, and Degas plumed himself. But yesterday she had ushered him into Doyle's private room; today she did not know him.

"Mr. Evans? He hasn't been in today. No, I haven't heard from him. Who shall I say called?"

"Pedro Carminas," said Degas.

"Mr. Carminas. I'll tell him. Good afternoon."

From the lobby downstairs Degas called Evans' apartment. Derrick answered.

"Mr. Evans isn't in, sir. No, I don't expect him until five, sir."

Degas hung up. Evans, he knew, had telephoned the hospital this morning. Evans must be rather worried. Doubtless he believed in the genuineness of Degas' accident, did not realize that Degas had decided, on the spur of the moment, that an accident was better than a pretended trip to Europe. Evans might not be convincing in his farewells to Degas at the boat, and that might not be well. But if Evans was convinced that Degas was seriously injured and in the hospital, he would, by his manner, convince others of the genuineness of Degas' accident.

And there would be those who would observe. When men did murder to prevent a conversation, when they followed Degas and Evans as they had done last night—important matters were involved. Too much care could not be taken, no precaution was ridiculous.

HE GLANCED at himself in the faint reflection afforded by the glass door of the telephone booth. He was superb. Nevertheless, he did not wish to invite too much inspection. It might be that men observed who called on Evans at his office. It would be well if none saw him making efforts to get in touch with Evans.

But he must get in touch with that young man. He must get an accurate description of the young woman who had called on Evans two nights ago, professing to be the girl of Lanson's. He must talk with Evans for hours, so that from Evans' subconscious mind would arise some clue to the girl's action. He must go over, with Evans, every feminine friend or acquaintance of the young man, to see if one of them, by far chance, could be the girl of Lanson's. He must find out from Evans which one of his friends had married a girl unknown to Evans, that the bride might be looked at by Evans, in the faint hope that she would prove to be the girl from Lanson's.

Further, naïvely, he wished Evans to see him now, without his beard. So he took a taxi back to the Centralia and went to his room. There he occupied himself with the morning papers, reading with interest the fuller account of Paul's death. It would be well to examine the waiters connected with the establishment. He made a note of this. Then he picked up the early afternoon papers; he read, with slight interest, of the suicide of one Lisa Gundstrom.

She was, so the papers said, a young woman who at one time or another had been connected with various minor racketeers, but who, in the past few years, had disappeared from Broadway. Degas sighed. These American rackets—they ended always in death.

At six o'clock he telephoned Evans' apartment.

"No, Mr. Evans has not returned," said Derrick. "Pardon me, what name shall I give? Mr. Carminas, at the Hotel Centralia? Very well, sir."

"A moment," said Degas. Evans trusted his man Derrick. The man had been employed by the Evans family since Doyle's babyhood. "You may say to Mr. Evans that it is Mr. Degas who calls. But to no one else mention my name, you understand. And tell him to ask for Mr. Carminas at the—"

"Mr. Degas! The French detective? Mr. Degas, for God's sake come up here at once, sir, please, sir!"

"Instantly," said Degas.

Derrick, hanging up the receiver, sighed with relief. He, too, had seen the evening paper, with its account of Lisa Gundstrom's suicide, and had been wondering.

(To be continued next week)

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The Man without Nerves

Continued from page 23

Aldwych Branch of Barton's Bank."

"Quite right. Well?"

"I fear that there is a grave error here. Every one of the bonds specifically mentioned had been withdrawn by Sir Julian Bott during the last two months."

There was a sound which might have been a gasp at the other end of the wire.

"Withdrawn by Sir Julian in person?"

"In person," the bank manager repeated emphatically.

There was a brief silence. Then Brent's voice again. A very disturbed and anxious voice it was now:

"He signed for them in the usual way, I suppose?"

"Naturally."

"I shall be around to see you, Mr. Huitt, in a few minutes with my secretary."

LORD BRENT duly arrived. So did Hassall, his secretary. So did a hastily summoned auditor. All that remained to them was to face the very terrible truth. There were any quantity of receipts in Sir Julian Bott's firm, unmistakable handwriting, but there was little left in the safe deposits of the bank of any negotiable value. Then the debacle commenced. Lord Brent telephoned to Sir Rudolph Bold, chairman of another of the Julian Bott companies. The same situation was discovered there, at a different bank, except that in this case the securities, instead of being taken away personally, had been transferred to Barton's Bank. By three o'clock there was a heavy slump in the Julian Bott companies; by late afternoon it had become a panic. Despite his usual custom, Mr. Huitt was compelled to join in the spasmodic torrent of conversation in the "Club Car" on the way home.

"Every company always has to have a trustee who can sign for the deposit or withdrawal of bonds at any bank," he explained to Mr. Cresset.

"But what has become of the money?" Cresset demanded.

Huitt smiled faintly.

"I am making no statements," he replied, "but I am suggesting to you that it is quite possible that Sir Julian has been withdrawing bonds belonging to his various companies for a long time to assist him with his Stock Exchange speculations."

Timothy Sarson leaned forward from his corner. There was a light of smoldering eagerness in his eyes.

"There is only one good thing which may come out of this catastrophe," he said. "Won't it seem much more reasonable now to the public and to the police to accept the theory that Sir Julian committed suicide?"

"That is the only satisfactory feature of the situation," Huitt agreed. "He kept his own counsel very well, but he must have known for weeks what was likely to happen, and I think there is no harm in telling you now what naturally I had to keep to myself until these present disclosures were made. The object of the dinner party at Sandywayes Court, at which I was present, was simply an attempt on Sir Julian Bott's part to arrange for a large loan from Barton's Bank. Fortunately both Lord Milhaven and I had the same idea on the matter. Sir Julian left us that night in a very depressed state."

"God bless my soul, this is wonderful!" Cresset exclaimed.

"I should say it is," Martin put in. "So long as the motive was lacking it was hard to believe that a middle-aged man like Sir Julian, of brilliant capacity and apparently great wealth, should have desired to take his own life. The motive is now supplied. Of course he committed suicide."

Timothy Sarson had a moment of weakness. He wiped his forehead. There were tears in his eyes. Cresset leaned over and patted him on the shoulder.

"Something of this sort was bound to happen, Sarson," he said emphatically. "Not a soul ever believed that the boy did it."

"Mind you," Timothy Sarson said portentously, "the mystery about this affair isn't cleared up yet. That woman up at the bungalow, the woman with the silken voice and poisonous eyes, where does she come in if Julian Bott committed suicide? I'll swear she was holding Anthony to some sort of promise."

Cresset glanced at his friend for a moment anxiously. There was a curious expression on Timothy Sarson's face.

"All that you want is the boy cleared."

"That is an eventuality," Mr. Huitt declared, "which is now practically assured. The adjourned inquest is to be held next Thursday, and upon the evidence which will be available then the verdict will certainly be one of suicide. Both Lord Milhaven and I will be able to testify that Sir Julian started on his homeward drive in a state of great agitation."

"One in the eye for Penny," Cresset chuckled.

MR. JAMES HUITT breathed a sigh of relief as he passed along between the privet hedges, opened the green wicket gate and entered the select and sheltered seclusion of the Sandywayes Oasis Lawn Tennis Club. An air of gentle leisure pervaded the place. The Juggernaut of the world of finance, thumping out its victims, seemed far enough away. The newcomer was treated with the respect due to the president of the club. Mrs. Harris, in her spotless white apron, smiled a welcome from the door of the little shanty which served as a pavilion. Sybil Cresset, with the doctor and Tyssen, all seated on one of the benches, waved their hands. A table was arranged for his cup of tea and a wicker chair dragged out. He exchanged greetings with everybody.

"Do I make a fourth?" he asked.

"Tyssen can't play," the doctor announced. "He has a sprained leg and he is saving himself for the golf contest. I will play you a single if you give me fifteen, or I will play alone if you take Miss Cresset and play you level."

"If Miss Cresset will honor me," Huitt acceded with a little bow.

"I think you men would have a better game by yourselves," she suggested doubtfully.

"A pleasanter one if you will join us," Mr. Huitt assured her. "Before we begin, perhaps you will allow me to tell you some news—disastrous enough, I am afraid, to a great many people, but news which is likely to bring great relief to our small community."

"About Anthony?" Sybil cried breathlessly.

"It concerns Mr. Anthony Sarson indirectly," the bank manager assented. "It has transpired today that Sir Julian Bott, far from having died a millionaire, has been speculating most improperly with moneys belonging to the various

(Continued on page 46)

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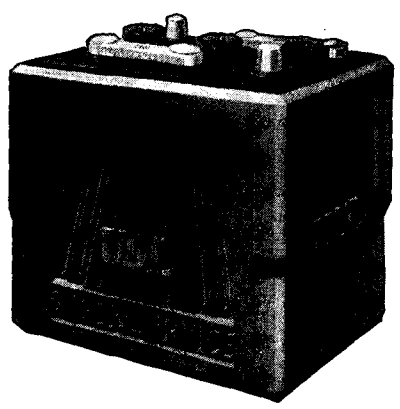

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C. 11-33

(Continued from page 45)

companies which he controls. The news has come like a thunderclap upon the city and the shares of all his companies are collapsing. The suggestion of suicide, therefore, which was at first scouted, has now become a definite probability."

There was a chorus of relief. Sybil turned away to hide her tears. Huitt was besieged with questions.

"You will be able to read all about it when you get your evening papers," he reminded them, "but there's no doubt about the fact. I happen to have been one of the first to discover what had been going on."

Tyssen's interest seemed almost feverish.

"Tell us how," he begged.

"It was very simple," the bank manager explained. "In The Times this morning I read that the chairman of one of his companies—Lord Brent—had given to a shareholder a list of various bearer bonds which were included among its assets. As I happened to have handed those bonds myself to Sir Julian in exchange for his signature a week or two ago, I felt obliged to telephone to his lordship and tell him the facts. Inquiries made at the headquarters of other banks elicited the fact that he had been doing the same thing elsewhere. I fear we may take it that Sir Julian was faced, not only with bankruptcy, but with fraudulent bankruptcy."

"Are there any figures yet?" Tyssen asked eagerly.

"None," Mr. Huitt replied. "It will probably take some little time to secure them all." . . .

THE game began. The girl played with skill but absent-mindedly, the doctor with energy but with little science, the bank manager with deadly precision and almost unerring accuracy. He and his partner won the set six-two and the following one six-three. Tyssen watched them from his place, blowing out occasionally great clouds of tobacco smoke, fingering his nails, his general air distraught. When the sets were over, the lemonade had been drunk and everyone was ready to depart, he hobbled after Huitt.

"I was hoping to see you this evening, sir," he said. "May I walk as far as your gate?"

The other acquiesced courteously. The matter of Tyssen's account had been arranged during the last few days, his references having proved entirely satisfactory, and he was now a client of the bank.

"This Julian Bott affair," he began, "it may help young Mr. Sarson, and I'm sure I hope it will. It supplies a motive, and that's something, and the doctor's a great friend of Anthony's, fortunately."

"Why fortunately?" Mr. Huitt asked.

"Well, you know," Tyssen went on, "that tragedy is going to be one of the principal events in my book, and I went into things pretty carefully. I even got the doctor to draw me a diagram of the course the bullet took. It would have been necessary for Sir Julian to have a very long arm and a very supple wrist to have fired that shot himself. As a matter of fact, he had short arms."

Mr. Huitt frowned.

"The firing of the shot himself was at any rate a possibility," he said. "Beyond that we need not go."

"What about the absence of any weapon?"

"Those affairs belong to the police," Mr. Huitt declared. "The disappearance of the weapon is strange. It may still be found. There are often puzzling elements in the most simple of crimes."

"This one," Tyssen observed, "is made up of puzzles. What about the hired car in which Sir Julian was riding, and the surly chauffeur whom Anthony Sarson and Miss Cresset saw in the lane? The police admit they have combed the county for that car without success."

"Really," Mr. Huitt said stiffly, "one would think that you wanted the young man convicted."

Tyssen turned towards his companion with an aggrieved stare in his blue eyes.

"I say," he remonstrated, "you shouldn't say that even in joke, sir. I am only intensely interested in the working out of this thing," he continued, "because of my novel. Everyone knows that perfectly well. I thought you might have some ideas on the subject which would have been useful to me. That's all. Good night."

"Good night, Mr. Tyssen."

Tyssen took his leave somewhat ungraciously. Huitt, lingering by his gate, watched the receding figure with a disturbing sense of apprehension. . . .

SUNDAY was a day on which Mr. James Huitt thoroughly conformed to type. He spent it in the same fashion as probably some thousands of other bank managers in the British Isles. He rose an hour later, that is to say at eight-thirty instead of seven-thirty, he loitered for another quarter of an hour over his breakfast and he dawdled in the garden until ten o'clock, smoking, during that time, the one extra cigarette which he permitted himself. Afterwards he mounted to his room and, to the foundations of an already somewhat elaborate costume, he added a collar of severe shape, a dark gray tie, a black vest and morning coat. He also spent a few minutes brushing a silk hat, after which, at half past ten, he started for church.

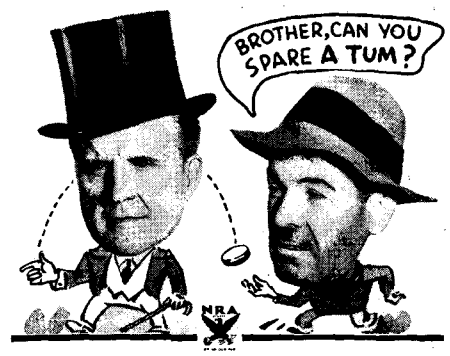
He sat in a somewhat prominent seat and, in his capacity of vicar's warden, he handed round the plate to the scanty congregation. After the service he had a few minutes' parochial talk with the vicar in the vestry, then strolled down the hill, passed through the swing gates to the other side of the level crossing, skirted the hedge which bordered the tennis courts and made his way homewards, to be assailed, as he opened the gate, by the pleasant smell of cooking. Arrived there, he opened the chiffonier which stood in his dining-room, produced a bottle of sherry, poured himself out exactly one glassful and, seating himself in the garden in a well-chosen spot, consumed it in a series of deliberate sips. His next move was to his dressing-room, where he arrayed himself in tennis flannels. Five minutes after he had descended, the gong rang for his midday repast.

He carved the smallest possible joint of beef with great precision, helped himself to the vegetables which his housekeeper, owing to her infirmity, had left upon the table, poured himself out a second glass of sherry, and in due course completed a moderate but excellent lunch. The meal concluded, he sought out the Sunday papers which had arrived during his absence at church, arranged some cushions upon his wicker chair, and spread himself out behind a screen of lilac shrub to read.

At four o'clock, racket in hand, he made his way to the tennis club. Among the small crowd of young people he noticed, with as much surprise as he ever permitted himself to show, a tall, fair young man who had just arrived with Tyssen. The young man in question at once approached the president.

"This is quite a surprise, Mr. Plumer," the latter said amiably as he shook hands. "Have you come to these parts to live?"

"No such luck, sir," the young man replied. "It would be too far out for



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me. I am spending the week-end with Mr. Tyssen."

"With Mr. Tyssen?" Huitt repeated.

"The new account at the bank, sir," the young man reminded him. "You brought Mr. Tyssen in yourself."

The mask fell over the bank manager's face.

"Were you acquainted with Mr. Tyssen before he became a client?"

"I never saw him before in my life, sir," the young cashier replied. "He is in and out of the bank a good deal, though, and he has made himself very friendly with all of us. On Friday we spoke of the heat and he asked me if I would like to spend the week-end down here as his guest. I had nothing to do, and as he was a client I thought it as well to come."

"Quite right," Mr. Huitt approved. "Quite right. By the bye, I wonder, are you an expert tennis player?"

"I play whenever I get the chance, sir."

"Do you know anything about the care of turf?" Mr. Huitt speculated, looking up at his companion.

"I am on the lawns committee at our club, sir, but I'm afraid I'm not much of a practical gardener," the latter admitted.

"Come with me," Mr. Huitt begged. "I would like you to examine a little trouble we are having on our spare court. I will not detain Mr. Plumer a moment," the bank manager continued amiably, turning towards the little group of players. "I just want his advice upon a small matter."

THE young man, considerably flattered, followed his chief to the spare lawn. The latter became very eloquent upon the subject of some coarsened grass and small weeds, indicating them with his toe and the end of his tennis racket. His companion ventured to suggest a weed killer of mild but effective quality supplied by a great nurseryman, and Huitt took note of its name. As they started back again he laid his hand upon the other's shoulder.

"By the bye, Mr. Plumer," he said, "I am perfectly certain that it is unnecessary to mention this to you, but in this small neighborhood we naturally learn something of our neighbors' idiosyncrasies. Your present host, for instance, has the reputation of being an extraordinarily inquisitive person. I have heard complaints that he is like an old woman, prying into other people's business the whole of the time."

"I can quite believe it, sir," the young man remarked with a broad smile.

"It is unnecessary to warn you, I am sure," Mr. Huitt continued, and this time the casualness of his tone had given place to a certain steely quality, "that officials of the bank must on no account answer questions as to the workings of their departments. You, for instance, in the securities branch—you would not think of satisfying anyone's curiosity as to the methods of handling your business."

The young man hesitated for a moment.

"Of course, sir," he answered, "I should not think of answering any questions of the slightest importance. I have noticed that peculiarity you speak of concerning Mr. Tyssen. He explains it, however, by the fact that he is writing a book in which there is a mystery connected with a bank. He has asked one or two quite ordinary questions about our routine."

"Quite so, quite so," Mr. Huitt murmured. "I feel sure we can rely upon your discretion. I thought, however, that I had better warn you of our friend's weakness. If I were you I would keep him off the subject. One question leads to another, you know. You understand, I'm sure."

"Quite, sir," the young man replied. "I am very glad you mentioned it. Mr. Tyssen generally seems to come in at a quiet time, and if we're not busy he likes to chat for a while."

"Always be civil to a client," the bank manager enjoined with a valedictory nod. "Now we'll go and see what sort of set we can make up for you."

Mr. Huitt played for some time with his usual skill and success, thereby surprising very much his junior associate at the bank. Afterwards he ordered tea and joined Mr. Timothy Sarson, who, looking very spick and span in a white linen suit, had just made his appearance.

"I trust that Anthony is feeling happier these days," Mr. Huitt remarked as he stirred his tea.

Timothy Sarson nodded.

"Yes, it's a great relief to him, of course," he acknowledged. "All the same he's a damned fool, Huitt, and I say it again—Sunday or no Sunday—he's a damned fool. He's been shielding that woman and for two pins I'd go up and wring her neck."

"I doubt," the manager said dryly, "whether that would be of any practical assistance. If I were you I should just let the matter fizzle out. People will soon forget all about it."

"You have not a son," Timothy Sarson commented shortly.

"I cannot conceive any circumstances which would alter my opinion," was the chilly reply. "I shall propose myself now for another set."

He rose to his feet. The young man Plumer came hurrying up to offer his place. Timothy Sarson greeted him in friendly fashion.

"Why, it's the young man who takes care of my bonds," he exclaimed, holding out his hand. "How are you, young fellow? I didn't know you came down into these parts."

Plumer, pleased to be recognized by an important client, accepted the proffered hand.

"I'm down for the week-end staying with a friend here, sir," he confided. "Very pleasant little corner of the world, it seems to be."

"It was all right once," Sarson observed with a sigh. "Just now we seem to be going in for upheavals. Enjoying your tennis?"

"Very much, sir, thank you."

"That's good. Well, you take good care of my scraps of paper for me. Thirty thousand pounds' worth of them, pretty well, you've got, and you needn't be afraid that I'm going to do the Sir Julian on you!"

THE young man opened his lips impulsively. There was a puzzled expression upon his fair, boyish face. Precisely at that moment he met his chief's steadfast glance. There was something very poignant indeed in the gleam of those eyes even behind their concealing glasses.

"On Sundays," he stammered, "I shouldn't know a bond if I were to see one. Yesterday I was on the spot and tomorrow I shall be on the spot again."

"Good lad," Mr. Timothy Sarson said with a smile. "I'll bet you won't do your work any worse tomorrow for a day out in the country like this."

The young man walked off towards the court with his chief.

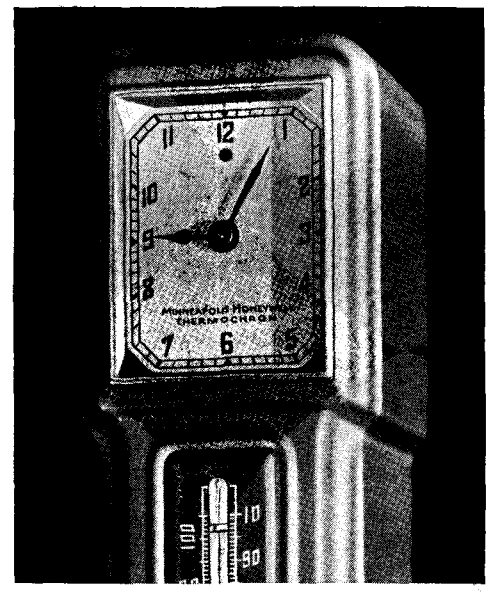
"I wonder," he remarked, "if Mr. Sarson—"

"Keep your wondering until you get to Aldwych, Mr. Plumer," his chief advised. "We all have to be very tactful with Mr. Sarson just now. He has had a great deal upon his mind lately."

A smile broke across the young man's face.

"Why, of course," he exclaimed, "what an idiot I was not to remember!"

(To be continued next week)



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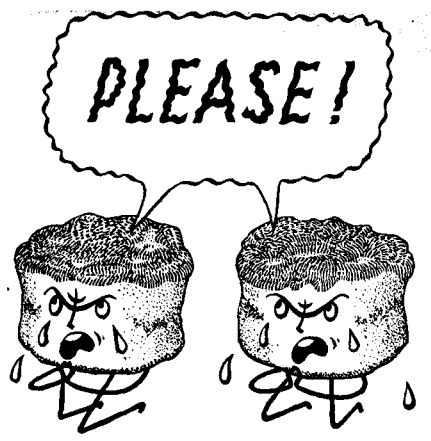

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Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

"A medicine for every dog ailment"

Going, Going, Gone

Continued from page 11

Thorne. You—you seemed to be such a distant person. You're such a nice surprise, I— If you don't mind, I think I'll go in. I'm rather upset, tonight. You'll find me quite different tomorrow. . . . Here's your coat. Thank you."

"I'll be camping in your deck chair till you show up. I suppose that'll be after lunch?"

"Indeed, it won't. I'll be up early. My deck chair is over on the port side, up by the tennis net. Good night. . . ."

BRIGHT and early the following morning, after a breakfast not so hearty, Thorne approached the purser.

"The picture that was sold to a Miss Martha Pyne, at the auction last night—"

"Yes, monsieur?"

"It is my picture. I have decided that I wish to keep it, for myself. I wish to buy it back."

"Yes, monsieur? But the lady?"

"This is agreeable to Miss Pyne. However, I do not have the money."

The purser looked concerned.

"But I tell you what I do have. I have a genuine Daumier. It is worth many times ten thousand francs. I will not let this go. But I will pledge it, with you, against the money. I'll let you have the money as soon as I land. Perhaps the day we dock. I am not certain. I cannot promise this."

There was silence.

"I shall have to consult my superiors. Let us see. You could return, in an hour, perhaps?"

"But certainly."

At 11:30 A. M., Thorne went up to the top deck and the tennis net. There was Martha.

"I suppose you just got up," she said.

"No. No, I've been up a while. Everything's all fixed. You'll have to sign a statement, saying you're willing to let me buy my picture back—for ten thousand francs."

"But I'm not! It's my picture, and I'm going to buy it."

"Of course. You'll keep the picture, and you'll send me the money—when it's convenient. But you'll have to sign this thing, otherwise they'll hold you for ransom, or something."

SO SHE did sign it, and then they lunched together, and after lunch they sat on deck.

They got into Quarantine that night, and sat up very late, as couples do, the last evening on board.

"Your people meeting you tomorrow?" Mr. Thorne said.

"Yes. Yours, too?"

He shook his head. "Know what I'm going to do? As soon as the ship docks, I'm going ashore. I've got some business I have to attend to in New York, and I'm anxious to get at it. Then I'll come back, and there won't be any crowd. It drives me crazy, standing around for hours on a pier."

"Yes, I know. It's tiresome, isn't it?"

"I always hate home-comings and leave-takings, anyway. Hate to say goodby to anybody. So don't mind if I don't say it to you tomorrow."

"Will you be in New York long?"

"Till Christmas, anyhow."

"Then perhaps we'll see each other."

"Peculiar things like that do happen," he said, and grinned. "Have you any idea what you'll be doing next week?"

"I expect to be at the shore until—until about the middle of September. How can I get in touch with you?"

He seemed to hesitate for a moment. "You might drop me a note—at the Caslon Galleries, on 57th Street."

"Oh, I know where that is! They have the loveliest windows. I've never been inside. I wonder if you realize how lucky you are, Mr. Thorne? To paint at all seems wonderful to me. And to be so far along that the Caslon people will offer your pictures! I wish I could paint, or write, or something."

"Don't be crazy. It's no joke, particularly when you're trying to get a start. You don't know when you're well off. Your poor father's probably working his head off to buy you dresses like that, even though there's practically nothing to it."

"Well, I suppose it isn't very grateful to be talking like this. But this is the first time in my life I was ever able to get away from my family, and I had to fight like a tiger to do it. You were asking whether my people would be there to meet me tomorrow. My mother's probably on that pier now."

They sat there watching the spars of the moored ships swing with the lifting tide, forgetting that they had to pack, and that the next day would take them both from their paradise of make-believe.

Rats, so they say, make good time when they leave a ship; you should have seen Mr. Louis Sanford Thorne. Unencumbered by baggage, he was the first passenger down the gangplank in the morning.

He made six phone calls, he took three taxis, and he emerged, breathing hard, with four hundred fine all-American dollars, contributed by his affectionate but somewhat reluctant friends. There was still something to do and, gritting his teeth, he went and did it.

He walked into the Caslon Galleries, on 57th Street. The Caslon Galleries are—well, they are not *bon marché*.

The manager of the Caslon Galleries was a Mr. Chilton. It wasn't too easy to see him, and it didn't look to Louis as if it would be easy to talk to him. However, he braced himself with the thought that a Beta is a Beta the whole world over, and began his selling talk.

"My name is Thorne," he said. "Louis Sanford Thorne. I'm a sort of painter. I just arrived, on the Fontainebleau, this morning, and my plans are unsettled. I was at a loss for a New York address, so I took the liberty of giving one of my clients your address here."

"Quite," said Mr. Chilton.

"Would it be asking too much of you, if you'd hold a letter for me? Thorne's the name. I regret very much putting you to such an inconvenience."

"A letter?"

"Yes. I've sold a picture, you see, and I was asked quite suddenly for a New York address, and I gave them yours."

"Quite. You have no permanent address in New York?"

"Just rushing through," said Louis.

"Yes. I see." Mr. Chilton glanced at Louis. "Yes. I see nothing improper in this. Have much rain, in Paris, this season, Mr.—ah—"

"Thorne. Yes, just as usual. I hated to leave, though. . . . I'm very much obliged to you, sir."

"Not at all. Not at all."

Louis then got regally into his taxicab and returned to the good ship Fontainebleau in triumph. They were very pleasant to him; indeed, they'd been most pleasant about the whole matter, and weren't they glad to get their four hundred dollars!

ON THE following Friday, at four o'clock Louis sauntered into the Caslon Galleries. No letter from Martha and, likewise, no check. Oh, well, he said to himself, she's down at the shore.

He stopped in again, a week from Friday. Two weeks from Friday. Three weeks—a month from Friday. If Martha were still at the shore, she must have been a polar bear.

Seven times in all he called at the Caslon Galleries before he gave it up as a bad job. Was Louis a little peevish, a little bothered, a little angry at Martha? Well, yes, he was.

Meanwhile, Martha was having her own troubles.

She'd already borrowed from a loan company all that they'd lend. Every one of her friends was low in funds, and crying about it, perhaps in self-defense. She had an idea that maybe her father might lend her fifty dollars. She was right. He did. He was an insurance salesman and he did not read any printed matter whatsoever except his rate-book and the Eastern Underwriter, and he'd never done his whole duty by Martha, as you may have guessed.

So she was forced to the lamentable necessity of saving the needed amount.

"So he leaves the world behind him . . . then he forgets himself and sends her a picture post card" *Jay Irving*

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By the first of December she had a hundred and eighty dollars.

Many a weary hour she spent, thinking and worrying, and perhaps she shed a few tears. At last, she made up her mind.

She packed up Thorne's picture and wrote a letter—light and gay—enclosing one hundred and eighty dollars, and promising to pay the balance sometime. Then she set out for the Caslon Galleries in her best dress, and with grief in her heart.

"I wish to see your manager, please," she said.

Presently Mr. Chilton appeared, casting an apprehensive glance at the package in her hand. "Yes, madam?" he said.

"I have a picture here, by one of the artists who exhibits with you. Mr. Louis Sanford Thorne."

"Thorne?" said Mr. Chilton.

"Louis Sanford Thorne. I bought this picture for four hundred dollars, and I find that, at the moment, I can't pay for it. So I am turning it over to you to sell for him. I have a letter for Mr. Thorne, too, explaining this. Will you send it to him, please?"

"JUST a moment, madam. A Mr. Thorne, you say? I'm afraid you've made a mistake. We have no Mr. Thorne."

"You haven't?"

"No, madam. I'm quite sure."

"Oh," said Martha.

"Will you let me see the picture? Yes. Oh, yes. Quite. Very nice. No, I'm quite sure. I've never seen Mr. Thorne's work before."

"It's nice, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes. Yes. Quite. It's not—not too unusual. Nice color. A creditable study. Four hundred dollars, you said? It's a lovely place, the flower-market."

"Yes, and it's worth every cent of it. It's a beautiful thing. He may not be known to you, or—or well known, either. He's quite young."

"Wait! Wait one moment. Thorne! I remember your Mr. Thorne. Of course! A nice chap, too, very well set up. I'd forgotten."

"Did he leave you his address?"

"No. He walked in, chatted for a moment and went out again. I haven't his address; I'm sorry. You don't know anything about his clubs?"

"O-oh! Yes, I do. He is a Beta."

"There you are, you see? Quite! Now, my dear, call up the Beta Club in New York. They probably have a directory of their members. If they won't give it to you, suppose you drop in and let me know, and we'll see what else is to be done."

Mr. Thorne, so it appeared, was really a Beta. His address was a house on Willow Street, Brooklyn, Apartment 4B.

And Martha went straight to the lobby of the Chatham and wrote Louis Sanford Thorne an entirely different sort of letter. It wasn't so gay, by a long shot. It wasn't long. It contained a hundred and eighty dollars, cash money, her address and her telephone number, all plainly written. She registered it and sent it special delivery.

Her phone rang at six the next evening. It was Louis, all right, and could she see him?

In due course Louis appeared.

"Hello, Martha," he said.

"Hello, Louis. I'm so glad to see you."

They went into the living-room.

"Now, look," he said. "This hundred and eighty dollars. Here."

"You put that away," said Martha.

"What do you think I am? I can't take this."

"You'll take it and like it," said Martha, who was not being Mayfair at the moment. "You must think I'm an awful fraud, Louis."

"I guess they told you just how important I was, over at the Caslon Galleries," he said.

"They said your work was very—very promising. They were awfully nice about it. I went down there after school yesterday."

"After school?"

"Yes. I'm a school teacher. P. S. 1173. Second grade."

"Listen, you! Here! Take this money back right now. You know what I do?"

"N—no."

"I teach drawing in the Manual Arts High School. And I have a much better job than you, and don't you forget it. I'm giving you this picture, and I'll give you some more, if you'll take them."

"Please, Louis. There's something I want to say. The only thing that's important about this, to me, is— Well, I was in difficulties and you got me out."

"I'm a first-class liar. There's no doubt about it. You should have heard me telling those people on the ship about the people who'd be proud and glad to lend me four hundred."

"Didn't you have it?"

"No. Four hundred dollars when I was on my way back from Europe? I'd be there yet. I got off the boat and borrowed it. That's why I was in such a rush."

"You're very proud, aren't you?"

"Well—I don't know. I hate to have anybody patronize me, or get a chance to do it. I like clothes and food and everything that costs money. I don't save a dime, and I never will."

"I hate to save money, too. But I can save it up, for one big party. I'd rather go out one night in a year, and look right, and enjoy myself, than go to forty cheap places."

"Yes. It's a crazy way to be, but can you help it?"

"What I was saying before, about being proud. . . . You're at least as proud, or conceited, or whatever it is, as I am. But you weren't thinking about your own pride when it was a question of mine. It would have just about killed me to do what you did."

HE WAS silent for a moment. "Listen, Martha," he said at last. "I want you to get this straight. I do things more or less on impulse, as you do. I thought you had plenty of money. Maybe I was saying to myself, this girl will buy plenty of pictures later on."

"You didn't. You didn't wait one second. You listened to me, and you looked serious, and then you laughed and said, all right, I'll fix this. And you did."

"All right. I don't want to pose as a noble character, especially to you. And any sort of artist, even an imitation one, is a pretty poor prospect as a husband. But—suppose you'd had a lot of money. I'd have sparred around and wasted a lot of time, trying to be clever about it, and by and by, if I'd thought my chances were good, I'd have asked you to marry me."

"How do you mean, wasted a lot of time?" said Martha.

"It's like this: as it is—it's a different proposition, isn't it? You know what I'm like, you know I don't amount to much. I wouldn't ask you to marry me, right away. I'll wait and save a thousand dollars or so, and then ask you."

"Would it be all right with you if I said yes in advance?" said Martha. "Or would you rather be surprised? I tell you what I'll do. You're not going to save any thousand dollars. Any day you want to get married put your hat on and give me a call."

"Don't be absurd. We have to have a thousand dollars."

"I'm going to have plenty of trouble with you," said Martha.

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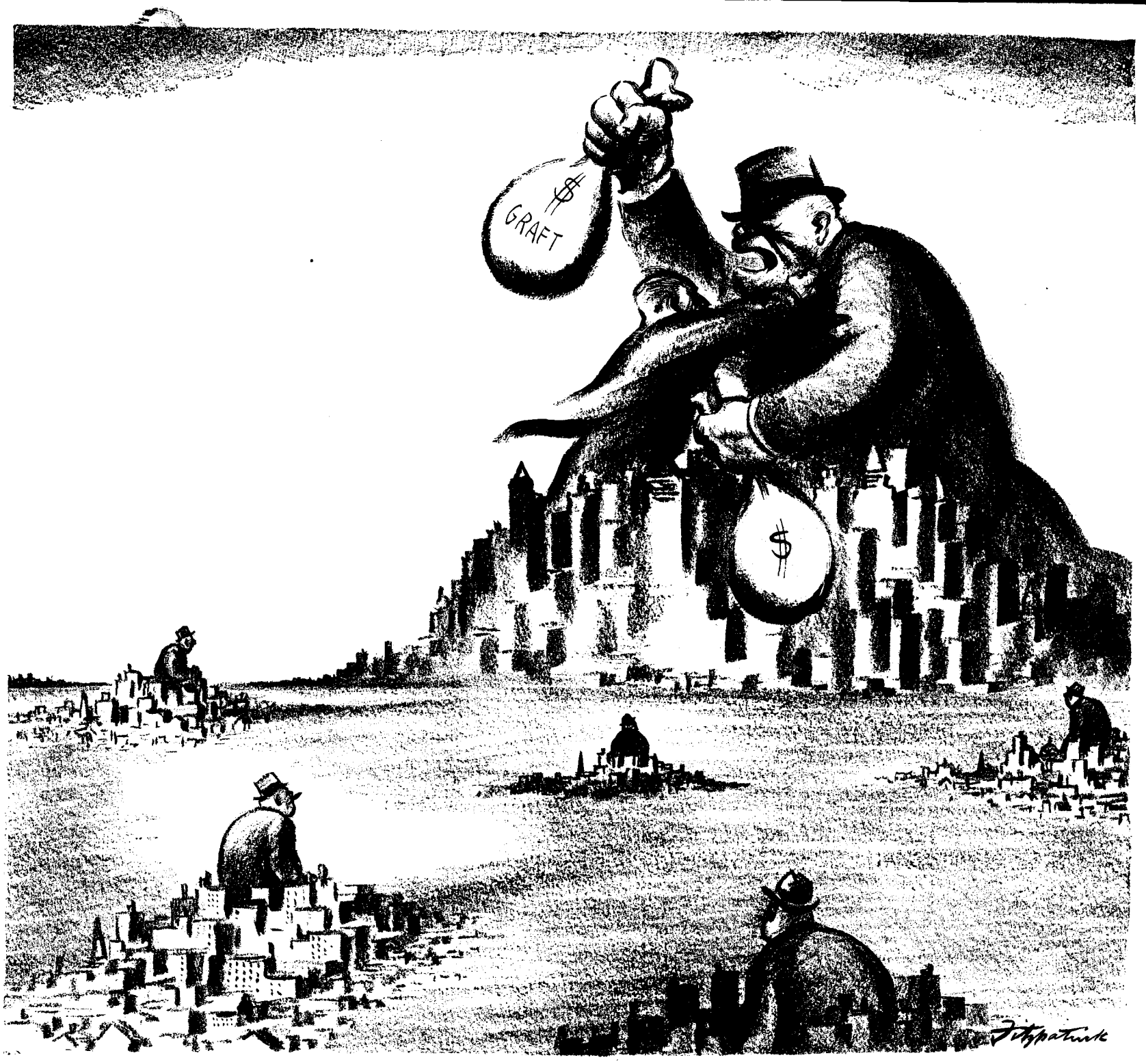

Tammany Must Go

TAMMANY must be destroyed. Tammany is not limited to New York or to Manhattan Island, which bred Tweed and Croker and all the greedy gang down to the suave present-day exploiters.

Tammany is organized predatory politics everywhere. Wherever political privilege is bartered, wherever politicians trade in public office for private gain, wherever public contracts are used to enrich politicians, wherever crooked politics protects professional crime and racketeering and shares their infamous profits, there is Tammany.

New York is fighting this November election to break the chains with which Tammany has bound the largest city in the land to waste, corruption, injustice, graft and municipal inefficiency. The struggle is local only in that city officials are being chosen. It is national in that victory or defeat will influence the outcome of a thousand other campaigns throughout the land.

Tammany is the old vicious, parasitic spirit in American life. It is hostile to everything embodied in the New Deal. Nominally Democratic, it is the enemy of the Roosevelt Administration. There is no place in the new America for political parasites.

Because Tammany in New York and in other cities and states has betrayed the people, the credit of New York and of numberless other communities has been strained to the point of insolvency. Stupidly avaricious politicians have impoverished the richest cities in the world. Even in the present financial stringency there has been no let-up in their greed, no moratorium for exploited taxpayers.

City government, scandalously corrupt and ineffectual during seventy-five years, has at last become so incompetent to challenge organized crime that the federal government is being summoned to protect citizens from racketeers, kidnappers and other species of professional criminals protected by city politicians.

Tammany, the symbol of all that is rotten in American public life, must go. New York's battle is the first skirmish in a national crusade. There must be no stopping until the gangsters are finished.

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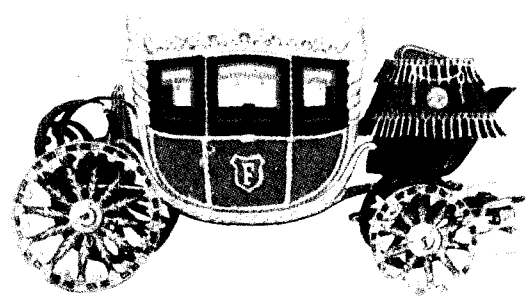

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